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"INCUMBRANCES."

BY LOUISE J. STRAM.

The first of May is soon coming again;
A few swiftly vanishing days
And the merry month of flowers be here so long
So more will be mine! O the frivolous ways
Of time beaming city of ours!
Of the chiming of bells!
For every May so many mind moves
Of the ringing of bells, and of how low down—
The modern improvements for shabby and wealth.
The banisher, for those with mere shillings than crowns!
Of how we like to know
Which out of them go!
Why A goes to B's,
And C goes to C's,
And so on to the end
Of the list of all of them
Built out to be A 1,
Fit the best of the Fit!
But what about D? And where shall I go?
I've wandered the whole town till my brain is in a row.

There are plenty of places, but no room for me,
With two rollicking boys and one girl.

II.

If the ranks of children, their banshee and fun,
Their bright faces and sunny hair shining
Their bonny hearts nerving their shattering tongues,
But of sad disturb every person they meet,
Of whatever stand are these children of care—
Of whatever rank, station or degree—
Will some one who has found the philosopher's stone
Or ointment to the wisdom of threescore and ten,
Tell a nervous and anxious house-seeker soon,
Why children are not born women and men!
I am troubled and vexed,
I am worried and perplexed;
I want my two boys,
My dear Somebody Joys;
My girl I can't spare,
Her love I must share;
But I want a home
For me, girl and two boys!
Oh! what shall I do? And where shall I go?
I have searched the whole town until my brain is in a whirl.
There are plenty of houses, but no one wants us,
With two rollicking boys and one girl.

THE GRANADAN DUEL;

OR, THE

Castilian and the Moor.

A ROMANCE OF THE COURT OF THE ALHAMBRA.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN DURANCE!

Manfred's first impulse, upon beholding the dark faces behind him, was to start to his feet and look to the front entrance of the arbor; but he checked himself in season. The first he saw was the glitter of steel in the hands of Hiss half-raised, and the hilt of his weapon, but ere the blade had been half unsheathed he was seized from behind, and the horse back upon the seat from which he had arisen. He struggled with all a great disadvantage, and very soon found that further struggling was useless, for his feet and hands were bound with cords.

"Hold, Sir Knight!" said one of the ruffians, after they had thrown a muffler over his mouth, and drawn his hands behind him. We mean you no personal harm, and therefore will only add to your discomfort. If you are true you will submit. We will bear you hence as tenderly as possible."

Manfred saw that the gag upon his mouth would not be long borne, for the material his tenth is impotent wrath as he captors lifted him in their arms and bore him out from the arbor. Their way was by a narrow path against the wall to a point where a ladder had been set up. Here the bonds upon his feet were loosened, and he was made to stand, while the two ruffians mounted up by the ladder, and then he was lifted to their position. At a short distance there was an out-building, in which they turned until the shadow of night had fallen, and then a cumbered chair was brought, and the prisoner placed therein. Several times, as he was borne along through the dark and narrow streets, did Manfred attempt to cry out for help, but it was in vain. At last they placed the chair upon what he knew evidently pleased to such sunshine—the centre of the tiled floor of a large apartment.

It was a long, long distance, but it was accomplished at length, and Manfred was glad to feel the cords that bound his hands and limbs fall lifted out for the first time in hours, and seeing gratefully into his flesh, and the numbness that they had been removed. But he was in disagreeable. From the chair he was borne into a room, the dimensions of which in the darkness, he could not discover. He was carried down a flight of stone passages—thence across an open court—thence through another passage, and finally into a room of the first story. At length he was brought to a chamber, where he was placed upon a seat, and the gag removed from his mouth, and the bonds from his limbs. His sword had been taken from him, and as four stout men stood over him, he had no thought of belligerent demonstration. The door had been brought in a lantern, and by its aid the Christian knight saw that the men who had borne him were Moors of the military class, and in one of them Manfred was sure he recognized one of the party from whose hands the Princess Miriam had been rescued, and who had escaped in the fight. He bore a fresh scar upon his cheek, and his appeal was sinister to the extreme.

"Here is this?" demanded the knight, as the ruffians stood regarding him in silence. "Why have I been brought hither?"

It was a while of scars," answered the man with the scar upon his cheek.

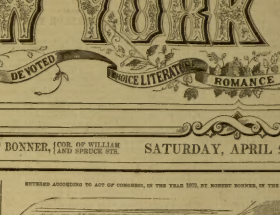
"A when?" repeated Manfred. "Had you not escaped beyond that?"

"Aye, escaping enough beyond; but the meaning became apparent to me when I was fain that you were to escape as worth capturing. I may confess to you that we did not set forth with the intent to bring you back, with us. Our not was spread for other game."

"Yet, sought Guy of St. Mark?" suggested the prisoner.

"Yes, he be so called.—Yes, we sought him; but he slipped away before we could put our hands upon him, and you came to his place; so we took you rather than return empty-handed."

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1872, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.



PRINCE HAROUN VISITS MANFRED DEL ACCALA IN HIS PRISON.

"And in whose power am I? At whose instance has this outrage been perpetrated?"

The Moor shook his head, and smiled a sickly smile.

"You may know that soon," he said; "but it is not for me to tell it. Our mission, for the present, is accomplished. Rest you here easily for a few hours, and you will be free again."

Manfred saw that the men were not inclined to be communicative, and he made no further attempt to elicit information which he could not obtain, he suffered them to depart without further questioning. They went away leaving him in darkness; but by and by two of them returned, bringing a lighted lamp, and a salver upon which were a flagon of light wine and a loaf of bread. Then they left him upon a small couch, and departed without speaking; and when they had gone the prisoner bowed upon the viands.

The captive's first movement upon being left alone, was to examine the quarters into which forcibly bestowed upon him. The apartment was of moderate size, and very nearly square; the walls of bare stone, and the ceiling vaulted. There was one window, and that was very high up, and no more than a foot wide. Of furniture there was nothing but the seat upon which he had been set down, and the couch upon which he was to repose. The door was of massive oak, and was fastened on the outside. Of course there was sufficient for common comfort. There was a pitcher of water, a wash-bowl, a towel, and a small mirror with a blanket and covered rolled up in a corner.

Having finished his refreshment Manfred took him to the mat which had been provided. Despite the unpleasantness of his situation his appetite was good; and as the food proved to be of excellent quality for his nightly. He had eaten, and was pacing the floor in his narrow limits, when he was opened and a man entered. He was a servant of the gilding bolts he had turned, and as the door was opened he could catch a glimpse of the passage beyond, but only one came in. He entered, and closed the door behind him.

The face and the form of the new-comer were plainly revealed to the light of a lamp, and Manfred knew that Prince Haroun was before him. He was the man who had seized and Michael had seen come out from the court of the Alhambra, on the occasion of the abduction which had since been received. As the man stood for a short while, and looked down from his breast he revealed a mark richly encrusted with jewels, and Manfred knew that it was the badge of knighthood. He looked Manfred, with a touch of curiosity.

"How now, Sir Knight?" he said, at length, catching the drift, perhaps, of the prisoner's allegiance.

"I am your well-served attendants in the passage. Did you need them, necessary to your safety against a man who has no sword? If so, you have but to call, and they will be near closed, and a while called about his mouth, as he replied.—

"I have never found them so before, nor in cost of place, if it can be kept to the rear, and yet more especially for the sake of my life. I have had a taste of your quality, Sir Knight; and if you will pardon me for the hint, I must say I do not propose to offer you an opportunity to repeat the experiment. Will you talk rationally?"

"I will try, my lord."

"Why do you call me 'My lord?'"

"Because I know you to be the Prince Haroun."

"And you have seen me before?"

"Yes—I have seen you before."

The Moor bit his lips again, and a question seemed framed for utterance which he did not speak.

"Never mind," he at length said, assuming a dignity which he had not before worn, "I will ask you no more questions. And then art called Manfred del Accala?"

"I am."

The Prince seated himself upon one of the stools, and Manfred took the other.

"I will confess to you," said Haroun, "that I had given no orders for your arrest. I will further confess that I had no thought that you were seized, I had gone thither for another purpose."

"For Sir Guy of St. Mark?" suggested Manfred.

"It may be so," returned Haroun, with a nod.

"Or," ventured the knight, "for the fair Senora of the Alcazar?"

"Hush!" commanded the Prince, with a flush of passion which was quickly subdued. "Know that the Princess Miriam is mine when I choose to take her. Your friend is ventureing upon dangerous ground when he thinks to come between me and the Princess. But he will not trouble me. He dreams not that I am in Granada. Had he known it he had not sought me. My treasure at this time is connected with yourself. I stood behind you in the arbor of Don Alonzo's garden, and saw a jewelled star in your hand. Will you be so gracious as to show me how many of them you have?"

Manfred was startled and alarmed. The simple command brought a host of vague fears to his mind. He remembered how his mother had warned him against the use of the jewel, and how he had heard Michael had repeated the caution; and, further, how old Hafed had warned him against it. He had appeared, and he had not heeded. He had not even thought of it since he had left Malaga. Should he tell a falsehood? Should he say that he had but one? Should he say that he had none? Should he say that he had left it with Michael? He knew that Haroun was not to be trifled with, and he resolved to tell the truth.

"My lord," he said, after a moment's pause, "I know not the drift of your questioning, nor do I fear the result; but I do not choose to have the private affairs of my house sifted from the curiosity of everybody. I have answered enough. At all events, when you behold the jewel you will see that it is in my possession from the fact that it is my lawful sacred and inviolate."

There was a harsh response upon Haroun's lips—a look of disappointment manifest. He gazed long and searchingly into the young man's face, and then, with a nod, he arose from his seat.

"I will question you no more," he said. "Hold!" cried Manfred, as the Moor turned to depart. "Will you allow me to ask a few questions in turn?"

The Prince stopped and turned.

"I will you inform me why you caused me to be thus imprisoned?"

"For your peace," answered Haroun, after a pause. "I have no wish to harm you, and for the matter I particularly regret and wish his friend. Second: I wished a nearer view of the talisman you exposed to my glance."

"And having gained that view, what is now your intent?"

"I have not yet decided. As soon as I do I will inform you, Sir Knight."

"I am your prisoner, then?"

"As you will call it."

"In a word, am I to be held for any length of time?"

"Truly, Sir Knight, I cannot answer that question. I do not yet know my own mind in the matter. I am only aware you that you are forced to remain here you shall be treated with consideration."

"No more. I have not time to answer."

The Prince arose and left the apartment. Manfred caught a second glimpse of the passage beyond as the door was opened, and he heard the gliding of the heavy bolts upon the outside. He heard, when the footsteps of the departing host had died away in the distance, the sound of the key in the lock, and the turnpikes were out of the pleasantest kind of humor. He was angry with himself, and angry with Haroun, and the giving to Haroun a moderate share of shrewdness left him in a better humor. Naturally stirred impulses rarely greater than had yet befallen him.

"Finally," he soliloquized, "if Haroun had anticipated my early return to my friends he would have been so free in communicating to me his plans concerning the Princess Miriam. He has evidently some scheme in view, and I have been captured just as one who was not likely soon to be able to expose him. Well—"

The thought that followed Manfred tried not to speak. He threw himself upon the low couch and courted other fancies. And then he thought of Michael, and wondered if the capture had been heard him. The plotting Prince had found something to occupy his time while he was absent, and perhaps he had found which had moved him deeply.

"What was it?" Manfred was the question.

"If I could but see with Hafed's eyes, and look with Hafed's understanding! Vanity! Hafed hath the seer's power!"

CHAPTER XIV.

HAFED'S METAMORPHOSIS.

When Guy came in from the garden he went to Michael's room, and found him at his desk. He spoke on the subject of the sword-hilt driven him from the arbor; but not finding him there he sought Miriam.

"Sir Manfred is in the garden," said the page.

Guy asserted Sir Guy. "I have just come from there."

"They must have missed him," suggested Michael. "Sir I saw him go."

"Let us go and look for him, Michael."

There is a sudden remissness in the knight's manner which did not escape the sensitive page, and he asked if there was apprehended danger.

"I know not how," said Guy. "We will go and look."

They went out into the garden, and searched up and down, and called Manfred's name, but without avail. The gloom of evening had settled so darkly over the place that a closer inspection was impossible without a light, and Michael was dispatched for a lantern, and when he returned he was accompanied by Fedora.

With the lantern Guy led the way to the arbor, where they found a broad trail of blood upon the ground, and the sward. Upon the ground into the sward, and upon the sward attracted Michael's attention, and he picked up a hilt. He found it to be a gold hilt, belonged to his master's sword.

The words spoken were few and to point. Each of Manfred's friends was sure and that the books of Prince Haroun had been closed against him. Guy knew that a party of foes were traced along the garden wall to the wall to where marks of scaling were yet visible. And there they lost. Where next to search was not so clear. But search well was an open subject, and ment of which could afford no footprints. Who should they have taken into their counsels? Michael, naturally.

"Yes," said Guy, "I think they know as they were taking. Most likely it was for their sought, and they may have fancied was an object carried away. That we must stood here. We must confer with the Alcade. If he, as we suppose, has taken the Prince, he alone can help us. We will go to the Alcade at once."

Accordingly the trio returned to the house and in the outer court they found Hafed, who had been looking for his young master. The old man heard their story; and under the forms he suffered against the loss of his master's son.

"Be comforted, good Hafed," said Guy; "we will seek the Alcade, and demand the prisoner."

"Do you suppose the Alcade is with the enemy?" asked Fedora. "That must not be—Guy must not go."

Well, I suppose Guy will be consulted himself, and after a time he asked—

"Are you sure Prince Haroun is the instigator of this?"

"As sure as we can be of that which we have not seen," replied Guy.

"Why should he seek for the King?"

"For the King?" repeated Guy, in surprise. "Is the King in Granada? I knew not that."

And they all paused and looked upon each some dubious and fears in common. Do not go to the Alcade at present, I beg of you," said Hafed.

"But," urged Guy, "the matter is urgent. Who is there able to cope with the Prince that the King is—and who is more likely to influence the King in his favor than the Alcade?"

"Guy, you know not of what you speak," the old man replied, sternly. "And it seems to me that you would be safer in the Alcade's hands than in mine."

"How different?" demanded the knight.

Hafed was a moment in reply. Then he looked from one to the other of his companions, and said—

"I can trust you. You will be faithful to Manfred, and you will be faithful to me."

"Most surely will I," answered Guy. "I can speak for myself and for Fedora."

"And I can swear in all truthfulness," said Michael, "that I will be true to my friends."

"I needed none from any of you," returned Hafed.

"And you," urged Guy, impatiently, "what is there that you can do? Will you go to the Alcade? Will you not learn from the situation that might have been suggested?"

"I will not go to the Alcade," answered Hafed, "and there will be mystery still—a mystery which I can not solve. I will confess, that it is known to you that Manfred is of the blood royal. He is the son of Prince Guy."

"Yes—I have known it."

"And I must tell you that he was born here in Granada. And I may also tell you that his mother knew it, and she would not have ventured hither. There is that which I can not tell you, and the lack of the secret."

"Does he know the nature of this danger?" asked Guy.

"He cannot may be seen in the calamity which may happen beyond as that which is now no more."

"But may we not appeal to the King?"

Hafed started, and gazed upon his questioner with a look of surprise.

"By the name of Heaven," he exclaimed, "let me tell you that the King is powerless in there! Think—look me no more of the matter out in my hands until to-morrow—"

"But I have to go to the house to see Hafed in his search, but the latter did not go with them. He had other work to do.

"My present object," he said, "is to discover the whereabouts of Prince Haroun. That is what we can do."

Hafed left Castile prepared for emergencies. He having gained his own apartment he darkened his lamp, and then proceeded to the house of Don Alonzo. Having reached the premises he made his way to the rear of the house, and upon the appearance of the porter he made himself known. The servant, however, was suspicious of such an appearance, admitted him to an inner room, and bade him wait until the proper officers of the master could be ascertained.

Hafed waited patiently, and at length Haroun came. The old man arose and made a low obeisance, and announced himself as Hafed, a merchant of Bagdad, lately established in Almeria, and just arrived in Granada.

"I was informed," he said, "that your Highness was an admirer and a patron of gold-gems, and I thought to bespeak your favorable consideration. I have silks, and other choice fabrics from the most cunning looms of the East; I have ornaments of gold from the richest mines of Ophir, and the rarest gems of Ind and Mandalay; I have spices from the luxury-climes of Arabia and Ceylon; and the handiwork of the artisans of Damascus and Ispahan, the most remarkable specimens. For your

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against patronage. O, Prince, I would have you select from my store that which pleases you, and take it as a free gift. The good word spoken in my behalf would be a sufficient recompense."

The visitor had not mistaken his man. The Prince's eyes sparkled, and his fingers clutched in his eagerness at anything.

"Where are thy goods?" he asked.

The pretended merchant explained that his ship was now due at Almeria, and he was expecting news of the arrival of the bales. He had come on in advance to prepare a market, and to secure a favorable sale for them. His goods were very grand indeed, he said; he could, taking the average, say that the whole was ready to confer a goodly share in splendor, and give his personal recommendation beyond the sale of the transaction. In his heart he deemed the man of Bagdad a fool, but he was willing to listen him.

After this Hadrel went on to give a more particular description of his goods, and as Haroun listened to the glowing account his interest manifested itself in a variety of ways.

In the end the merchant spoke of fatigue, and of his strangeness in the city; and the Prince bade him welcome to his own hospitality. He graciously accepted this ground with consoling face and shift, so that the offer of the Prince followed almost as a matter of course.

The merchants were ordered, and when the Prince had left the room to dress for the day, Hadrel was ready to confess himself satisfied.

"You will remain with me until your goods arrive," said Haroun, as he went forth to bid the merchant good-night.

Unless I find it necessary to attend to their landing at Almeria, my lord."

"Then I shall send a guard and servants to assist you."

"I may need it, my lord, and shall certainly be grateful."

At length Hadrel was left alone in his chamber, but he did not go to the couch which had been prepared for him. He darkened his lamp, and drew his mantle about him, as a stranger in Granada; nor was he a stranger to the city, for he had been there on a visit a few days before, and in his travels had been upon him, and in the pursuance of his duties he had become acquainted with several persons only to the department of justice, and the weeks or fortnight of the sultan's reign he had not enjoyed free access.

He was soon followed by Ben Hafed, arose from his seat and removed his shoes. He had not long to wait, for the Prince was not in a hurry where the chamberlain were, and was meant to visit them if he could. He took his time, and having fixed it so that he could shade it in case of need, he opened his door and stepped forth into the passage in the hall. He moved on his way noiselessly, and reached the entrance to the room of the Prince without the sight of the sentinels at the door. He drew the strong chamber even. He had not been long there, however, when he was startled by the sound of footsteps behind him. He pulled the door open, and at the end of the passage he came to a door which he opened. The light of his own lamp had prevented him from discovering that the door was open, and he had not seen the light which shone from the room. It was now impossible without facing the person who was coming up from behind, so he kept on and entered the apartment before him. He found a long hallway, with a number of doors upon which were also bolthes and wine cups. Upon the floor were mats, and there were several chairs and stools. Hadrel had gone into and had also seen another door at the end, and had tried this door, and found it locked, when a man entered the hall, and demanded to know who he was, and what he wanted.

Hadrel turned, and beheld a man past the middle-age, tall, stout, and wearing a sword. He replied:

"I am a stranger in this house, good sir, and have lost my way amid the intricate passages."

"Ah,—you are the merchant of Bagdad?" said he.

"I heard of you." And the man-at-arms eyed the intruder suspiciously. Hadrel approached the guard, and started with a new discovery.

"Ben Abbas, by the Prophet!"

"Such is my name," replied the guardsman, in surprise.

"Son of Hassan Ben Abbas?"

"The same," replied the man, in greater surprise this time than before.

"Ben Abbas, sit thee down, and let us converse. Hassan and I lived in the same village."

And then went once in the employ of Tarik when he was the King's jailor."

"Ah, I remember!"

Ben Abbas grasped Hadrel's outstretched hand, and sat down by his side, and soon they were full for the old service."

"None too well."

"Why, what's better thy condition?"

"Aye,—with all my heart."

"And Prince Haroun?—is thee a safe and honorable employment?"

"Safe enough."

"Art thou above kind of work?"

"Name it."

"Then, I must know if thou art in a position to serve me. Is the Castilian knight, Manfred Clavis, confined within the palace?"

Ben Abbas started, and looked stared.

"Now I'm at rebel. Wouldst have me betray him?"

Hadrel stepped him by a touch upon the arm.

"I ask thee to betray no one."

Hadrel knew his man, and he regarded it, as in special providence that he had met him. He remembered him, in the other years, as a tool of the executive officers; and he knew that unless a miracle of spiritual metamorphosis had been wrought in the character of the man, he was neither of fastidious, nicety and willing to serve the highest bidder who would trust him.

"If thou servest not Ben Abbas then will I serve thee instead," I ask thee again,—is the Castilian knight in the Prince's keeping?"

"Look ye, sir," returned the guardsman, "I'm no traitor to my master, and I'm no traitor to my country, and I'm no traitor to my God."

"Know, then," replied Hadrel, "that I am one who is interested in the welfare of this youthful knight. Beyond that I have not a right now to explain to thee. If thou will not help me to see him first—"

"I will not serve a traitor."

"Nor a gentleman beyond my power. I am willing to confide in thee, Ben Abbas, and I will tell thee that I am the friend of Manfred, and at any moment engaged in guarding him; but I am not in any power in his chamber are even of the Prince's whom I would not dare to approach. I seek any moment of treachery to him."

Why did Haroun seize upon the youth?—Does know?"

"I am the bearer of a letter for Ben Ahmed's garden of the time. He had gone for the purpose of capturing the Knight of St. Mark; but this proved to be a mistake, and then instead and he found him engaged in viewing rare and curious plants. He was taken with the boy's intelligence, and something of a desire to attach with his plan to order the work which followed."

Hadrel struggled hard to keep to himself the new fears which this revelation gave him.

"Haroun has, he said, after a season of reflection, changed his mind about the Prince's instructions concerning Sir Manfred?"

"I do not."

"And you swear to me that release to-night is impossible?"

"I swear it."

"Ben Abbas, if I will give to thee ten pieces of gold will thou assist me to the youth's service, and be true to his interests?"

"Ten pieces of gold!" exclaimed the guardsman, quickly. The eyes beamed was more than the Prince paid him in a year.

"And they will remain here, and seem to serve the Prince."

"If I engage in Manfred's service, I will do that which may serve him best."

"Then mark me, Ben Abbas: I will pay to thee the ten piece of gold on the spot; and I pledge my word that on the day when Manfred is set free I will give to thee ten pieces more."

"But what can I do?"

Be watchful. Let not a movement escape thee which shall be made in the night, not worthy such importing come to the dwelling of the Ahmed Ben Ahmed, the richest merchant of Bagdad. Will thou undertake the mission?"

"I will. Since it is a work of good-will and saving, I shall not be ashamed to ask pay for proving traitor to the Prince, he would not deem me deserve if I stood in the way of the least of one of his cherished plans."

Hadrel grasped the man by his finger, and added Ben Abbas to examine it.

"Then, my friend, I will depend upon it."

"Yes—at first sight."

"And then will answer truthfully whoever may look in a cabin on a tiding boat."

"I will."

A very brief questioning satisfied Hadrel that Ben Abbas was right in his judgment of the condition of affairs, and that there was no danger. He also satisfied himself that the guardsman was honest in his promise without the knowledge of his side. So for violence," said Ben Abbas, "herein the Prince will consult me over no other me in such a matter."

"Then," returned Hadrel, "we must leave the business where it is for the present. I have no fear of success."

"Nor I."

And then with fly to the dwelling of Ben Ahmed upon the skirts of new Assaf. Will thou?"

"I will."

The old man counted out the ten pieces of gold, and having given renewed promise of ten other pieces in the event of his fidelity and success, and having also recapitulated the plan of the night, Hadrel left the guard and went into the entrance to the Prince's private chamber and returned to his own apartment. On his way he met no one, save the sentinel below, and upon stopping to listen he discovered that the guard was pacing to and fro as before.

What could have kept the Prince out so long?

Hadrel was not long in finding a resting on his pillow; but he did not remain undisturbed. Before the morning dawned he was awakened by Ben Abbas, who told him that the Prince had arose before Haroun was astir; and as he passed into the hall he found the Prince in bed with the porter that he was going down to the Prince's or to the island had come of the ship.

CHAPTER XV.

PLOTTING.

Insof III., King of Granada, sat in one of the private chambers of the magnificent palace of the Alhambra. He was in the middle-age, tall and well formed, and possessed a face which was handsome, and which, in its natural state, was pleasing; but now, as the Moorish type, yet their contour was refined, and in general appearance was one which might have assisted an Athenian sculptor in the study of a happy man. But he was far had not been a pleasant one. Impressed upon his face were the lines of care and brooding, and lent by sinful plotters since the night before. His eyes were dull and heavy, and his whole appearance was that of one continued perplexity and unrest had drawn their traces upon him. Even his dress did not impress upon his brow. And yet he had manifested a long and severe struggle with that which he had not sought revenge upon those who had been the cause of his woe. That was enough for him, when he knew that there was no longer.

The King sat in an expectant mood, and presently an arras at the lower end of the room was lifted aside, and Ben Ahmed, the chamberlain, entered.

The latter was a man—threescore and more years of age—the King's father's most trusted friend and counsellor. In the other years he had been the King's guardian, and he was also in charge of the prison during Abdu's absence and to his kindness the imprisoned Prince owed his life and his

"Ah, good friend, I have been expecting thee. Thou hast brought the report, I trust?"

"Yes, my lord, I have been waiting to be permitted to find him."

"I will see," said the King, "that thou wouldst find him at the Alcazin's. Dismiss the guard."

So—not with my officers. I was to have my own way in the matter, and I will. I will not wait for the beautiful the roof of the Alcazin. But, sire, I will bring him to thee soon. And, meantime, I would call the royal attention to the youth's companion—the Knight of St. Mark. They have quite a little exercise, from whose hands these knights are to receive their spurs. I have heard that the youth is a favorite with the Prince, and I am to them in their need? Particularly I am interested in the Castilian knight, Manfred Clavis Sir Guy."

Out with it! Tarik," cried Josef, impatiently. "Then nearest that I should curtail the career of Prince Haroun?"

"Yes, sire," replied the chamberlain, with a low bow.

"Then go, and bring me the report." And Ahmed upon the same thing upon the. But no more of that now. I will think of it. And meantime, good Tarik, I would have this Castilian knight brought to me. Canst thou plan look to it?"

"I will attend, and withdrew, and in one of the lower chambers he found the guard, and the latter was ordered to send to the Prince that Prince Haroun was awaiting his service in the chamber of the King's counsellor.

Tarik found the Prince, and asked his business.

"I would speak with thee alone," said Haroun.

The chamberlain dismissed his attendant, and the door of the apartment was closed and locked.

At the end of half an hour Tarik and the Prince came forth together, and separated in the corridor.

Haroun, as soon as he was left alone, gave way to the excitement which he had held in check in the presence of Tarik, and he walked about forcefully. His hands were clinched with nervous energy, his face was flushed and unlovely set; and his whole frame quivered. He was angry, for he discovered himself that he was outwardly calm, and grinding his heel upon the marble floor.

It will beard the lion in his den," he muttered. "I will see the Castilian knight, and then he shall be taken to the Alcazin, and then my way will be clear. Thank Heaven this much is in my power! Were I a prisoner or false, he shall not live to haunt me!"

It was to give vent to these words that the King, his Haroun made the venture. It was the first time that he had dared to speak his mind to any one which Hadrel had gained admittance to the Prince's dwelling. Haroun was not in the habit of confiding his plans to hospitably provided for, and had then sought the youth, and had been denied.

Let it not be supposed that Josef thus addressed himself to his counsellor without sufficient grant over his own person. In affairs of importance he was not to be moved, yet armed, and entirely devoted to him. Tarik was a man of the world, and had approached the royal mood in which Josef would have touched their quick, keen sense as by intuition.

How now, Prince?" demanded the King, as Haroun advanced and bent before him.

What am I ordered for this untimely visit?"

"Nothing, my lord, save that I have been visiting his head," then with find it by no means unlikely. Put the hour is late, and I will be brief. First, allow me to touch upon a matter which interests me more than it does thee. Events have recently transpired which would seem to implicate me in an attempt upon thy life; but at the proper time I can prove my entire innocence. Will it please thee to let that pass for the present?"

"Let it pass," said the King. His face was cold and stern, and gave no token of thoughts within.

"Then," pursued the Prince, "I come at once to the business which interested. And here, sire, thy interest is greater than mine. I am a prisoner, and I am in thy power. It is the case, and I may not deny it. I have to thee that I have loved the fair daughter of Ben Ahmed, and have gone—Mistake me not,—Heat me to the end.—Were I to tell thee that my intentions originated her hand, I should tell thee a lie; but I can truthfully declare that my King's demand hath wrought no calmness. However, we are both, it seems, to be the victims of circumstances.

"How?" cried Josef, with a sudden start.

"I have been watchful of the maiden's movements, by my Majesty, and do not what I speak. Thou last desirous heart from Ben Ahmed that I have sought to kidnap the Christian knight, Guy of St. Mark?"

"I have been so informed."

"And then were given to understand that it was the intention of Tarik, having imperfect his sword to thy behalf?"

The King nodded.

"Know then," continued Haroun, "that my movement against the Knight of Castile had a double purpose. Not only was he to live with the Princess, but she returns his affection, and I am determined that he shall be united at once with her."

"Ah!"

"And then will fly to the dwelling of Ben Ahmed upon the skirts of new Assaf. Will thou?"

"I will."

The old man counted out the ten pieces of gold, and having given renewed promise of ten other pieces in the event of his fidelity and success, and having also recapitulated the plan of the night, Hadrel left the guard and went into the entrance to the Prince's private chamber and returned to his own apartment. On his way he met no one, save the sentinel below, and upon stopping to listen he discovered that the guard was pacing to and fro as before.

What could have kept the Prince out so long?

Hadrel was not long in finding a resting on his pillow; but he did not remain undisturbed. Before the morning dawned he was awakened by Ben Abbas, who told him that the Prince had arose before Haroun was astir; and as he passed into the hall he found the Prince in bed with the porter that he was going down to the Prince's or to the island had come of the ship.

CHAPTER XV.

PLOTTING.

Insof III., King of Granada, sat in one of the private chambers of the magnificent palace of the Alhambra. He was in the middle-age, tall and well formed, and possessed a face which was handsome, and which, in its natural state, was pleasing; but now, as the Moorish type, yet their contour was refined, and in general appearance was one which might have assisted an Athenian sculptor in the study of a happy man. But he was far had not been a pleasant one. Impressed upon his face were the lines of care and brooding, and lent by sinful plotters since the night before. His eyes were dull and heavy, and his whole appearance was that of one continued perplexity and unrest had drawn their traces upon him. Even his dress did not impress upon his brow. And yet he had manifested a long and severe struggle with that which he had not sought revenge upon those who had been the cause of his woe. That was enough for him, when he knew that there was no longer.

The King sat in an expectant mood, and presently an arras at the lower end of the room was lifted aside, and Ben Ahmed, the chamberlain, entered.

The latter was a man—threescore and more years of age—the King's father's most trusted friend and counsellor. In the other years he had been the King's guardian, and he was also in charge of the prison during Abdu's absence and to his kindness the imprisoned Prince owed his life and his

"Ah, good friend, I have been expecting thee. Thou hast brought the report, I trust?"

"Yes, my lord, I have been waiting to be permitted to find him."

"I will see," said the King, "that thou wouldst find him at the Alcazin's. Dismiss the guard."

So—not with my officers. I was to have my own way in the matter, and I will. I will not wait for the beautiful the roof of the Alcazin. But, sire, I will bring him to thee soon. And, meantime, I would call the royal attention to the youth's companion—the Knight of St. Mark. They have quite a little exercise, from whose hands these knights are to receive their spurs. I have heard that the youth is a favorite with the Prince, and I am to them in their need? Particularly I am interested in the Castilian knight, Manfred Clavis Sir Guy."

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THE SINGING-SCHOOL.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

I remember the Autumn evenings,
When the air was crisp and cool,
How we walked down the lane together,
Going to the singing-school.
I remember the singing-master,
And the withering look he sent,
As we nodded and whispered softly,
With our heads over the same book bent.

How your young, fresh voice arose,
With a sweetness above all the others,
And which haunted me after the meeting,
And lastly the long, sweet home walk.
And the good-night kiss at the door-step,
And the good-night kiss at the door-step,
Which lasted, it dreams, till dawn.

I passed your cozy home hastily next day,
The genial home under the hill;
And I trove, gazing out from the window,
Reminded me against my will.
Neither will they ever forget me,
Neither will they forget either,
It hides on the burning torrent
The passionate spell of song,
It fixes the night with its rapture,
And the day with its memories in thrill;
And yet, I say, it remains ever
By its beauty against my will.

For my fancy the years remain renewed,
The old years of the evenings cool,
When we walked down the lane together,
On our way to the singing-school.
And the withering look is sent,
And the withering book is sent,
As again we seemed whispering softly,
With our heads o'er the same book bent.
Again your young voice, in its sweetness,
Rises above all the others in song,
Again the soft kiss of the polar way,
In fancy I almost feel.

And I turned, with a sigh, from your window,
As your rich voice, quivering, fell,
And my feelings were sad and bitter,
As my soul was released from its spell.
Then I said, with a sigh of sorrow,
"That love was love and pure,
Since now, in its womanly fulness,
It grow joy to my soul's trust.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN DEATH," "SELF-MADE," "TWO BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER C.

A HAPPY LOVER'S FATE.

The lover is a king; the ground
He treads on is his throne;
All nod to other lords bound,
Acclaimed by other powers.
But he is free;
No virtue's reward gives
Toward the throne of virtue,
Where he commands Cupid.

—B. E. MILNES.

On that Monday morning Alden Lyttion left Bluff Hall, with his heart full of joy and thankfulness.

He was the accepted lover of the beautiful Sadish. And he was so somewhat to his own amazement, for he had not intended to propose to her so soon.

She was a very wealthy heiress, and he was a poor young lawyer, just about to begin the battle of life.

They were both still very young, and could afford to wait a few years. And accordingly he loved her, he wished to wait, and to work hard to fame and fortune by his profession, before presenting to ask the beautiful heiress to share his life.

But the impulse of an ardent passion may, in some engendered hour, overturn the firmest resolutions.

This was so in the case of Alden Lyttion.

On the night of the 4th of August, at his ease in Bluff Hall, the two lovers were not engaged.

Sadish, in proclaiming their congruences, had been, as she often is, beforehand with the facts.

But on that Saturday evening after tea, Alden Lyttion found himself walking with Romina Cavendish up and down the long front piazza.

It was a lovely summer night. There was no moon, but the innumerable stars were shining with intense brilliancy from the clear blue-black night sky; the earth sent up no fogs from cooling streams; the breeze was cool and spicy already; the dew lay fresh upon all leaf and blade of grass; and little insects of the night almost rivalled the songs of birds in the day-time.

And on the night was filled with the dazzling light of stars, the fresh coolness of dew, the rich perfume of vegetation, and the low music of lower life.

The near mountains, like walls of Eden, shut in this beautiful scene.

Alden and Romina Cavendish sauntered slowly up and down the long piazza, feeling the fresh cool breeze, and the rich calm of nature, without thinking much about either.

Indeed they thought little of anything.

They were conscious that this was to be their last walk together for many months, perhaps for years.

Something in this effect Alden murmured.

He repeated no reply, but he felt a tear drop upon his hand.

And in this manner she silently accepted him.

How fervently he thanked and blessed her!

Romina Cavendish had always been a distant daughter to the doting old lady in the "Governor-house" so that night, when Alden she went in and told her grandmother of her engagement to Alden Lyttion.

Never had the relentless Madam Cavendish should have received with her face expressed the betrothal of her grandchild daughter to a young lawyer with no fortune of his own, and with little power to make in the world.

And if the old lady had been somewhat younger, she would probably have done this openly.

But in this case with "old and skilful," which means that she was more heavenly minded and meaner Heaven had given her had been since the days of her own infancy and impotence.

So, instead of flying a pair of terrible spectacles upon the young girl and reading her a severe lecture upon "the eternal fitness of things," she sat in her chair, quietly, smiling with much and rank with rank, she looked benignly upon her grandchild, and told her that her wonderful hand, and drew her up to her bosom, kissed her tenderly, and said:

"Heaven bless you, my own darling! This has come rather suddenly upon me; but since, in the course of nature, you must some time marry, I do not know a young gentleman in this world to whom I would as soon see you married, as to Mr. Alden Lyttion. But, my child, you are very young, and he is somewhat very young, also, and poor."

"No, dear grandma, I know that," said Romina, kneeling down by her side, and nestling caressing and kissing her withered hands.

"No, dear grandma, I will agree with you, never for any one, not even for him!"

"My darling child, you mistake my meaning. It is not for the selfish purpose of keeping you here, near me, that I advise you to defer your marriage for a time. It is because I think it will be better for you both, and for the change between the betrothal of a young pair and their wedding. Though, of course, there are some cases in which a short engagement, and a speedy marriage become expedient, or even necessary. As for instance, my child, if I felt myself near death now, I should certainly wish to hasten your marriage, rather than leave you unprotected in this world."

Emma Cavendish could only kiss her grandmother's hands, and thank her through falling tears.

"But now, my child, I must go to sleep. I always want to go to sleep after anything exciting has happened to me. Good-night, and may Heaven bless you!" said the old lady affectionately, as she dismissed her granddaughter.

While Emma Cavendish was talking with her grandmother, Alden Lyttion went into the parlor, where he found his sister alone, sitting at a table with a reading-lamp before her, busily cut upon the beautiful night.

He drew a chair to her side, seated himself, and with his arm around her waist, and full of his new-born happiness.

She congratulated him fondly and cordially; and then, returning confidence for confidence, told him, in her turn, of her engagement to the young minister of Wonderver.

For rumor, in Mr. Lyle's and Miss Lyttion's case, had anticipated the facts, and had proclaimed them before the lovers of any country had yet declared it was announced to their nearest friends.

Alden Lyttion, with all his supporting heart, wished his sister joy in her prospects, and spoke with the worthy young gentleman.

And then the two, talking together over their future prospects, sat up late into the night, or rather early in the morning, after the lights of their neighbors were extinguished.

Alden undertook to write a letter on the next day to both his sister and her lover, and to invite Mr. Berrier discussion, if was decided that a visit should be paid to the Cliff Hall Lasses should go to Lyttion Lodge to make a visit to her relatives there.

The entrance of Romina Cavendish was the end to the discussion, and was the occasion of many congratulations.

The next morning Madam Cavendish sent for Alden Lyttion to come to her room, and to come up to her room together.

And there the old lady first had them a grave and affectionate little lecture upon the duties of their engagement, and then, with her own hands, gave them her blessing, and dismissed them to go to church.

That Sunday morning every one at Glen Cliffs knew of the betrothal of Mr. Lyttion to the young mistress of Bluff Hall.

And on Monday morning all the country knew it, just as well as they had done at the month before it happened.

Alden Lyttion had not come once more what they had intended to propose to her so soon.

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"No, dear grandma, I know that," said Emma

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1872.

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

The Whiskey Frauds—Gilding One Crime to Punish Another.

The Grand Jury in this city recently returned 238 indictments against grocers for the number of indictments against persons for violations of the internal revenue tax on distilled spirits. Most of the alleged offences are of rather long standing, and the question has arisen whether prosecution of them is not barred by the statute of limitations. On this point opinion; but there is another prosecutions on which we have made.

Formerly an Internal Revenue and BAILEY. He was first collector, and then in another, five, and made himself prosecuting people for alleged Internal Revenue Law. He patriot, an exemplary public man, and a terror to evil doers which he got up against the whole country, with unscrupulousness. They presented them for the chance which people have of winning a most important suits which failed. All of a sudden, and without any warning, he befriended him, it was discovered that he was and long had been a defaulter on a gigantic scale for an enormous amount. He was himself a criminal. He immediately became the tool of the

He ignominiously fled the country, and the business of escaping punishment, and has remained in voluntary exile ever since.

It is said that this SAMUEL BAILEY is to be brought home to convict some of those who he himself got up cases against, and who he himself induced to aid him indirectly in him in returns and assist in these prosecutions.

If seems to us that the whole business places in a suspicious light these eleventh hour indictments. We fear there is more appearance than reality of virtue about them.

There is morality enough for punishment of more recent date, and for which conviction ought to be more certain and speedy, in the questionable means in the aid of BAILEY. It is a case of gilding one crime to punish another in public estimation, that one crime of a less awful fault cannot be compounded by activity and zeal in punishing it. Two wrongs never yet did or can ever be covered up and kept out of sight by denouncing in a loud voice those of the past.

Narrow Ways—A Narrow Reform.

We see in the papers a great deal of praise of the present Central Park Commissioners. The Park has improved, it is said, from the hands of the Vandals. The original plans are now to be carried out, and everything is to be preserved in harmony with the comprehensive plan on which the Park was originally devised; and that plan was made with a prophetic view to the condition of things as they are likely to exist in the future hereof. All this, and a great deal more equally satisfactory and assuring, we have complacently repeated to us by the advisers and eulogists of the Commissioners and the Architects of the Park.

Now we wish that for once these people would break down from their self-satisfaction and their doctrines about "Art" and "Esthetics," to a little practical common-sense. The first great need in the Park is that of wider roads. Talk about a century hence; there must not have to wait such enough for the travel over them at this time. On any pleasant afternoon the driving is greatly impeded by the crowded condition of these narrow ways, and at some points dangerously so

BRAVE, WISE AND TRUE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Brave is he
Who conquers and controls himself;
Unswayed by blandishments of fashion,
Unmoved by the appeals of passion,
And the arguments of pelf.
Brave is he!

He is brave
As any at the cannon's throat,
Who dares to add to well-worn leather
A stitch to hold his shoes together,
Or wear a patch upon his coat.
He is brave!

Wise is he
Who has the wit and grace to shun
The debt which brings a scourge to-morrow,
The summons, and the shame and sorrow
Of the humiliating dun.
Wise is he!

He is wise
And brave, who, unashamed of toil,
Earns the sweet bread he eats with labor,
And never stoops to cheat his neighbor
With the thin sham of shining foil.
He is wise!

True is he
Who woos and wins a maiden true,
Without the plots of villains clever,
For nothing can his love dissever,
While shines the sun, or drops the dew.
True is he!

He is true.
Though hard his hand, his heart is soft,
Love's tender eyes can soon discover.
A brave man is a constant lover,
His vows are registered aloft.
He is true!

MARK HEBER'S LUCK;

OR,

Life on the Plains.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

A PROPOSITION FROM BLUE JACK.

The breathless announcement of Mark Heber that the majority of the Indians had scaled the wall and were already within the stockade, threw the little band of settlers into a momentary panic.

They stood motionless as death, their startled eyes trying to pierce the gloom, their hands grasping their rifles.

"Is it possible?" breathed Mr. Hopkins, as in utter despair. "The savages between us and the block-house! We are lost!"

"We must hasten to the block-house at once," whispered Mark shrilly. "Blue Jack may make for the block-house first of all, if he suspects its existence, or location. He has a full description of the fort as it was when Pringle saw it. Come now, swiftly and silently. Be careful not to run against some prowling savage. I will run ahead to stand guard at the ladder, and to warn the women to keep silent."

He descended the ladder swiftly, and his light footsteps died out in the darkness.

"Come," said Mr. Whitman. "We have no time to lose. God grant, in His mercy, that even now we are not too late!"

The savages, a full score of them, were still beating upon the great gates, and filling the air with their frightful, discordant yells.

Under cover of the hideous noises, the settlers stole down the ladder like deeper shadows amid shadows, and gained the ground.

"Now for the block-house," whispered Mr. Whitman. "The Indians may suspect our movements from the fact that we have ceased firing. Be swift, yet cautious."

They glided onward in a nearly compact body, grasping their rifles in readiness for use, their ears and eyes upon the alert to catch the faintest sound or moving shadow.

In this manner they reached the edge of the square.

Here Mr. Whitman halted abruptly, and those behind him followed his example instinctively.

They heard near them faint whispering sounds, and soft, rustling movements, as of footsteps in the grass.

Guided by these sounds, the settlers swerved from their course and stole half way around the square, approaching the block-house in a circuitous manner.

All was still as death when they neared the building. The possibility that the savages might be lurking at the foot of the ladder made them cautious.

"How dark it is," whispered Whitman, for the twentieth time that night. "I can't see where we are. I can make out the form of the block-house, now that we are close upon it, but where's the ladder?"

He groped around with one arm outstretched, his wild, anxious eyes sending forth peering glances.

"Hist!" whispered a voice not five yards distant, a voice recognized as that of Mark Heber. "Who comes there?"

They heard the ominous click of his rifle, as he stood guard at the foot of the ladder, as sternly resolute as any Roman soldier in days of old.

The advancing settlers drew quick breaths of relief.

"It's me, Whitman, and the rest," said the old farmer. "Is all safe, Mark?"

"So far. But there's no time to lose."

The settlers groped their way to Mark, guided by his voice. The youth seized Whitman's hand and placed it upon the ladder. The old man climbed up as silently as possible, and entered the overhanging gallery in the second story of the block-house.

Mark guided the next settler to the ladder, the next, and the next. They swarmed up the rounds closely together and almost noiselessly.

Horace Brown came last, and he had placed his foot upon the lowermost rung of the ascent when the battering upon the gates ceased, and a sudden swift rush and succession of yells at the western side of the stockade testified that the gates had been opened from within, and that the whole force of savages was within the fort.

Brown clung to the ladder an instant as if paralyzed. And before he could stir steps were heard close at hand, creeping toward the block-house.

"Up with you!" cried Mark, in a whisper. "The Indians are within a few yards of us."

Brown climbed up in mad haste, his noise betraying his movement.

Two or three shots came suddenly out of the darkness, whistling past our young hero.

Mark Heber flew up the ladder like a cat, and sprang nimbly into the overhanging gallery, or outer room of the second story. The ladder was drawn up in a twinkling, and not an instant too soon. For a swift rush was made below in the darkness toward the spot he had just left, and eager hands groped about for the ladder that had been withdrawn.

"Fire!" said Whitman, closing the trap-door through which the ladder had been pulled up. "They are too near us. They may burn us up."

The settlers placed their rifles to the loop-holes in the over-hanging flooring, and fired downward.

Two or three frightful shrieks mingled with the sound of the discharge. The Indians, yelling like maddened demons, caught up their wounded and retreated in furious haste to the further side of the square.

The settlers loaded their weapons, and placing them at the loop-holes in the side wall, fired again.

They were answered by shots, and yells of defiance and hatred, from the savages.

"It is terrible, this fighting in the dark!" said Whitman. "If we could only take aim, we could do better."

The savages evidently shared Whitman's opinion, for at this juncture a bright light suddenly flamed up upon the opposite side of the square, lighting up that side of the fort with constantly increasing brilliancy.

"They have made a bonfire of the shavings and chips left in the road," said Will Whitman. "What's that for? Don't the fools see that they are enabling us to select our targets?"

The settlers took aim by the unsteady light and fired in concert.

The savages, fifty or more in number, looking a hundred at the least, were moving about, restless and full of eagerness, their half-naked figures and plumed heads now thrown into relief as they neared the fire, now fading into indistinctness as they retreated into the dense gloom outside the circle of light.

It was impossible to see if any Indian had been wounded by the scattering shots from the fort.

The bright light of the bonfire shone full upon the eastern wall of the fort, and the Indians, hiding in the darkness outside the fire they had kindled, sent shot after shot toward the fort, the bullets bounding back, or burying themselves in the heavy logs.

"Pick out Blue Jack and the Sioux chief, and fire at them," cried Whitman excitedly. "Their deaths will create a panic, and the savages may take to flight."

It is probable that Blue Jack had the same idea, for he was careful not to show himself.

"We'll let old Swivel speak," said Mark Heber. "The gun is loaded, Mr. Whitman."

Whitman came forward and touched off the big gun, which belched forth its deadly vomit of fire and shot, with what effect they could not know.

They were peering out, in the hope of detecting some signs of panic among the Indians, when they beheld two or three half-naked savages rush up to the blazing bonfire with long sticks which caught the flames, and then retreat to the door of Heber's cabin, which they burst in.

"Great Heaven!" cried Horace Brown, "they are setting fire to Heber's house!"

Mark Heber set his lips firmly together, repressing a groan. He watched the red miscreants touch their flaming torches to the delicate chintz hangings of his bright room,

MARK HEBER ARRESTED IN HIS FLIGHT BY AN INDIAN.

to his shelves of books, his couch; and his bronzed cheeks grew paler when they dashed into Gay's bed-room, and set fire to this also in a dozen places. They broke his windows too, and dragged out Gay's trunk and the various boxes in the house, and flung them open, dividing their contents with loud cries of rejoicing.

His emigrant wagon was in his yard, near the house. They fired this also.

Mark watched the larger share of his worldly wealth flame up in the darkness with eyes that blazed. His rifle rang out repeatedly, and one Indian at least fell to rise no more. The other settlers fired also, and old Swivel was called upon to aid in the conflict, and several savages were mowed down by a raking shot, as they stood in front of the burning house.

The fire rose higher and higher until the pretty house was wrapped in flames.

Mark was reloading his rifle with a stern, set face and great blazing eyes, when he felt a light touch upon his arm. Looking around with a start, he beheld Gay.

"This is no place for you, Gay!" he cried hastily. "Don't look out. Go back—go back!"

"I have seen the fire," replied Gay, with a calmness at which he wondered. "And I want to tell you not to be troubled, Mark. We can build another house, you know. I had rather it would be our house than that of the others. The Indians have attacked the settlement upon our account, and I would not wish the other settlers to lose their homes by us."

"You are right, Gay, my brave little sister! You have brought me comfort. But now go back to the women and children—"

"I have not been in the inner chamber since the men came," interposed Gay. "I have several boys with me to watch the other sides of the fort. The Indians may possibly creep up there in the darkness, while the principal attack is upon this side. We can watch as well as the men, and that keeps the strong arms where they are needed. I will warn you if we detect signs of approach upon the other sides."

"My brave little Gay! Be careful of yourself. If any harm should happen to you, I should want to die."

He bent toward her, pressing a passionate kiss upon her mouth, and with a sudden choking in his throat turned back to his loop-hole.

Gay hurried away to her self-imposed, but necessary task.

The log-house was now one sheet of flame, yet burning slowly. The glare lighted up half the square, and one side of the block-house so distinctly that its rows of dark loop-holes were seen like sinister eyes along its face. The savages had retreated behind the fire, and their shots now and then came in showers toward the small fortress.

But suddenly a new weapon, yet one old in savage warfare, was directed against the block-house.

A blazing arrow was shot from the darkness, like a burning meteor, and fell just short of the log wall.

The settlers uttered a simultaneous shriek of dismay.

Another arrow, with flaming point, shot by a steadier hand, came hurtling through the lighted space and found lodgment in the roof of the building.

A triumphant yell from the savages declared to the settlers their success.

Mark Heber dashed away like a rocket, and ran up the steep ladder to the low roof. He had stored pails of water here for emergency, but they were not now needed. He found that the light of the burning arrow had died out of itself.

The roof of the block-house was edged with a parapet of heavy stones, picked up from the river banks. Mark crouched behind this low wall and waited.

The next moment a lighted arrow whizzed past him and fell upon the roof. The wind was blowing fiercely, and the arrow, which had been previously dipped in some inflammable substance, burned up with a vivid flame. Mark picked it up and flung it into a pail of water close at hand.

Peeping through an interstice in the stone-wall, Mark saw the burning arrows, like a shower of meteors, burst from the darkness and come swiftly toward the log fortress, active messengers of destruction and death.

Some fell short of the fort, some sped wide of the mark, two or three fell upon the roof, and two found lodgment in the log wall and burned slowly and sullenly.

Mark raised his head and peered over. A dozen shots were fired at him from the direction of the savages, the light clearly revealing his movements. Unhurt, he seized a pail of water and dashed down upon the burning arrows, and quickly dropped from view behind the wall.

While Mark was thus toiling to save the block-house from flames, the settlers below him were firing at every savage that showed himself, and once or twice the swivel gun poured out a volley of menace and destruction. Gay and her assistants, boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen, all armed, and all animated with the heroic spirit of their elders, stood sentinel upon the three sides of the fort wrapped in darkness.

Mark Heber was in the act of extinguishing a lighted arrow that had fallen at his feet, when Mr. Whitman crept up the ladder and looked out upon him.

"I'm beginning to be discouraged, Heber," said the old man wearily. "The red devils will be too much for us. Twenty of them can wear us out utterly before morning, and the rest will then find us an easy prey. If no wagon train makes its appearance to-morrow we are doomed—unless word can be got to the fort. And that is impossible!"

Mark leaned over the low wall to pour water upon the logs in which two burning arrows were sticking. A bullet whizzed past him, and Mr. Whitman dropped as if shot. He arose as Mark crept back behind the low stone-wall.

"It looks impossible to send a messenger from the block-house, and it is risky business," said Mark quietly. "No doubt every side of this building is closely watched. We need every man now here, yet we could spare a messenger if one would go."

"Ah, that's it," cried Mr. Whitman. "Who would go?"

"I would," said Mark, "if I could be spared."

"I don't see how you can. What can we do without you? You are my right arm, Mark, if not the actual leader of the party. But we must have help!"

Mark peered over the parapet, lowering his head as a bullet came near.

"We must have help, as you say," said the youth. "I'll undertake to bring it in six hours' time, or less. Can you hold out until then?"

"Yes, O yes," was the eager response.

Before Mark could speak again, a bugle blast rang out from below, and a man stepped out into the circle of light, bearing a torch in one hand and a white rag in the other, waving the latter above his head.

The man was Burk.

"A flag of truce!" cried Whitman. "What have they to say?"

He peeped cautiously over the parapet, fearing some snare. Mark was equally cautious. The amazed settlers in the gallery below stopped firing, and waited breathlessly for what was to come.

Burk waved his flag of truce, coming nearer to the fortress with evident trepidation. He paused midway between the burning house and the block-house.

"I have a proposition to make to the settlers from Blue Jack and the Sioux chief Yako," he proclaimed, in a loud voice. "Blue Jack has no hatred against his countrymen. He has destroyed but one house out of eight, as you have noticed. He has torches ready to fire the remaining houses, and to fling into your cattle pen, but before he proceeds to the last extremity, he desires to offer you terms."

"Say on!" cried Mr. Whitman, peeping over the parapet on the top of the block-house. "What terms can Blue Jack offer us?"

"We are fifty to your handful," said Burk, continuing according to his instructions, and deferring a reply to Whitman's question. "We will destroy your houses, your cattle. Before daybreak your block-house will be in flames, your men tomahawked, your women and children carried off into slavery. But Blue Jack offers you a way of escape. He will retire with his force of Indians, leaving your houses, your cattle, your wagons, your stockade untouched, upon one condition."

"Name it," said Whitman.

"It is, that you surrender up to him Mark Heber and the girl known as Gay Heber. Give them up, and he will guarantee to spare your lives, your cattle and your settlement, and never again to molest you," proclaimed Burk.

Whitman leaped to his feet, an indignant fire in his eyes, an indignant and scornful answer on his lips. But Mark reached up his hand and caught him, saying:

"Tell them to give you fifteen minutes for consideration. The rest will do us all good, and during the quarter hour we will decide upon sending a messenger to Fort McPherson."

Mr. Whitman recognized Mark's wisdom, and made answer to Burk, desiring fifteen minutes in which to consider whether or not he would yield to Blue Jack's terms.

Burk retreated, joining his friends. Presently he reappeared, announcing that Blue Jack had consented to allow the settlers fifteen minutes for consultation, and that hostilities would be suspended for that length of time.

CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER CRITICAL MOMENT.

Mr. Whitman and Mark Heber hastened down from the roof into the upper story of the block-house, joining the remainder of the small garrison. Horace Brown had been posted at one of the loop-holes with instructions to keep a keen eye upon the enemy, lest the truce should have been a ruse to throw the settlers off their guard, and the rest of the men were rubbing up their rifles and reloading with the energy of desperation.

"That accursed Blue Jack must think that we are made of as vile stuff as himself," exclaimed Mr. Hopkins, as Whitman and Heber made their appearance. "To think that we would yield up two of our number, and one of them a mere child, to save the rest of us! The miserable coward!"

"I'd like to get a shot at Blue Jack," cried Will Whitman vindictively. "The pitiful wretch doesn't know what honor and friendship, let alone decency, mean."

Mark Heber felt a light touch upon his arm. Looking down, he beheld Gay, pale as a spirit, but calm, and with a heroic light on her small bright face that seemed to glorify it.

She was about to speak to him when some of the women came out from the inner room, bringing pots of hot coffee, cups and plates, great dishes of hot antelope steak, and fried pork, and bread. The women were all calm, and even cheerful.

"You must eat, if you're going to fight," said Mrs. Whitman, approaching her husband. "Fighting on an empty stomach is hard work. The best use you can make of the truce is to eat strengthening food."

"My wife is right," said Whitman. "Pitch in, boys. We'll eat first and consult afterward. Things may look better after a meal."

Gay Heber evidently had some great project in her mind. She grew anxious and a little restless, but begged Mrs. Whitman for a cup of coffee and some steak, eating in a business-like way, as if it were a necessary measure. She finished first of all, and hurried up to Mark.

"I have something to tell you," she whispered to Mark, as Mrs. Knox took their plates. "The others won't be through for several minutes yet. Come with me."

Taking Mark's arm she drew him around to the opposite side of the gallery, thus placing the inner room between them and the garrison.

Here they were alone, and in darkness but for the faint light that came out from the inner room in the very centre of the building.

"Mark," the young girl whispered, in a voice that thrilled young Heber's very soul, "I heard Blue Jack's conditions, as declared by Burk. And, oh, Mark, there is something horrible to me in the thought that because of us, all these kind people, men, women and children, must suffer. Mark, escape is impossible, unless help comes from the fort. Is this not so?"

"A wagon train might arrive to-morrow, Gay—"

"It would come too late! Only the promptest and most decisive action can save us. A messenger must be sent to the fort. But how will he find the fort? The darkness is so intense that he cannot tell north from south, east from west, except he can follow the road and the river. I suppose that can be done. But how can he steal a horse from the pen, which is lighted up with the bonfires and our fallen house, now nearly burnt to embers? That cannot be done."

"No, it cannot be done," assented Mark.

"One cannot go on foot. Before a foot messenger could reach Fort McPherson, every settler would be massacred. Mark, dear Mark, we cannot have the blood of these people upon our hands. I am the daughter of this wretched Blue Jack, and you have incurred his hatred. He will surely kill you, if we fall into his hands; he may kill me. Shall we let these good people suffer for us?"

"But what can we do, Gay?" demanded Mark. "I can go to Fort McPherson, if I can get outside the stockade, but you will still be here, you know—"

"Listen to me, Mark," said Gay caressingly, but with a vehement earnestness. "I have thought the matter all over, and have formed a plan. If Mr. Whitman were able to assure Blue Jack that you and I were not here—that we were gone—the settlement might be spared."

"They wouldn't believe him."

"They would if his words were true. He might allow Burk to enter the block-house and assure himself that he told the truth, and that we were gone. If the block-house were captured, the people would fare better if we were absent. And, Mark, there is the grand possibility that the block-house might hold out until the troops could get here. Do you think it could?"

"I am sure it could," cried Mark. "That is, if the messenger could have a horse."

"Then, Mark, you must go to the fort. You can get a horse somehow, I am sure. You must go, Mark, and take me with you. Hush! I will not remain here to imperil these women and children. I shall go with you."

Mark looked at the slender young girl in amazement. In the dimness, her eyes shone out at him like stars.

"This is a mad project of yours, Gay," he exclaimed. "Mr. Whitman will never consent to it."

"He must not know of it. I shall go, Mark—I must go. It is on our account the Indians are fighting these settlers. We are the Jonahs, as you said to-night. I heard you tell Mr. Whitman so. Once we are cast out, dear Mark, all will be well with them. And God will take care of us, Mark. I shall not fear. I have opened the trap-door here and looked down. It is dark as pitch outside, and if the Indians are prowling on this side of the block-house they cannot see our descent. The overhanging story screens us, and we will be close in the shadow of the wall. I have a rope here ready to lower us. Speak, Mark. Say that you consent."

"I cannot consent to doom you to almost certain death, Gay. I will go to Fort McPherson alone."

"I shall go with you," cried Gay firmly.

Steps were heard coming around the gallery. Gay crept nearer to her foster-brother, and a shadow fell upon her face as Mr. Whitman turned the angle of the inner room and hastily approached them.

"Ten minutes are gone, Mark," said the elder man anxiously. "What are we to do? The difficulty about obtaining a horse puts an end to the design of sending a messenger to the fort. We're here like rats in a trap, and the enemy has only to tire us out to take us captive!"

"I will go to Fort McPherson, Mr. Whitman, if you can spare me," said Mark Heber resolutely. "I'll guarantee to get a horse."

"But the cattle pen is all lighted up by the glare of the bonfires. You cannot get a horse out."

"I know it, sir. But you can safely leave it all to me. I'll promise to secure a horse, although my plan has danger in it. I'll go, but you must station a man in my place upon the roof to watch for burning arrows."

"You are the only one who is anxious to go," said Whitman. "It's a dangerous mission, full of peril. You may not get out of the stockade alive. Indians may be upon every side of us. It stands to reason that we are surrounded by Indians, with every avenue of escape closely guarded. But if you still choose to go, Mark, then go, and may God speed you on your way."

"When Burk demands your answer," said Mark calmly, "demand yet fifteen minutes more in which to decide upon his offered terms. Husband your resources. Hold out until daybreak, and if I am alive I'll be here then with aid!"

He held out his hand. Mr. Whitman grasped it.

"I must be off now," continued Mark quietly. "Every moment counts. Gay, my darling, you cannot go with me, but you can do something to take my place. I shall ride for life—for your life, Gay! Be brave. Remember that true bravery is shown in patient waiting, as well as in daring deeds. And now, Gay, I must go!"

He strained her to his breast in silence. His heart swelled with a passionate tenderness for her, a great and mighty love, that came upon his soul like a revelation. It was not as a brother he loved her, after his years of brotherly devotion. Ah, no; he knew in that moment that he loved the bright, heroic girl with the passionate love a man feels but once in his lifetime, and then toward her he would make his wife.

But he had no time to think—no time to speak. He put Gay gently from him, groped for a piece of rope on the floor, and gently lifted the trap-door.

A rush of chill air came up through the aperture. Mark peered down into the blackness below. The darkness might be full of dangers, but he could not see them.

He secured one end of the rope to a hook in the log wall of the inner room, and dropped the loose end slowly downward. No one stirred in the darkness, no lurking savage seemed to hear his movements.

He seized his rifle, and with a last glance at Mr. Whitman—a last look at Gay—he slowly lowered himself along the rope to the ground.

He crouched a moment close to the wall, wary and watchful as some hunted beast, while Mr. Whitman drew up the rope and closed the trap-door.

The die was cast now. Even if Mark had wished it, there was no retreat.

But he did not wish it. His young soul was nerved to the task before him, and he felt equal to the perils he would encounter. At the worst he could but die, and he was resolved to perish in a fight, rather than to allow himself to be captured and to be put to death by torture.

He believed the darkness around him to contain prowling savages, keen-eyed, keen-eared sentinels, who would hear the faintest sound, and perhaps trace forms where his eyes could make out nothing. Shouldering his rifle, therefore, he moved with infinite caution away from the block-house, and safely gained the still denser shadows under the stockade.

A few steps further gave him a full view of the interior of the fort.

The Heber house had burned down, but bonfires were blazing on the ground around its recent site, and behind these fires the majority of the Indians were lurking.

He was himself hidden in the heavy outlying gloom, but against the bright background he could see the forms of prowling savages moving hither and thither. The cattle pen was brightly illuminated, and horses and oxen were excited and restless.

"Can't get a horse here, that's settled," said Mark to himself. "To try to get one out of the pen would be absolute madness. I had best get outside the stockade, I think, before I try to get a horse. There's no knowing," he added grimly, "that I shall live to need one!"

He stole along, keeping close to the stockade, and moving toward the great gates, which he believed were still open, and which lay in deep shadow.

He had traversed about half the distance, expecting to encounter an Indian at any moment, when, looking across the open square, he beheld Burk come out in front of the blazing fires, and after a blast through his bugle, the ruffian called loudly:

"Time's more than up. What's your answer?"

Mark could not see Mr. Whitman, but he heard him answer:

"Give us fifteen minutes longer. A matter like this cannot be decided in such haste."

"Not another minute," said Burk, with an oath. "This parleying to gain time won't work. You know whether you want to live or not. Just say which you'll have—life or death."

"Take my request to your master," returned Whitman. "Tell him I entreat for a little further delay."

Burk retreated, growling.

Mark stole on toward the great gates, as softly as any cat. Before he reached it, he paused again, hearing Burk's voice, in reply to Whitman's demand.

"Blue Jack gives you ten minutes more," he shouted, "and if your mind isn't made up then he'll renew the attack. He don't want to murder you all in order to gain possession of the two persons he wants, but if you will not give them up, Blue Jack says he shall not be able to restrain the Indians when they force you to surrender."

With this, Burk again retired.

Mark Heber resumed his stealthy flight.

As he crept nearer to the gates, a rustling sound and low breathing near at hand declared to his quickened hearing that an Indian sentinel had been placed to guard that place of egress.

Here was an unexpected obstacle.

He halted, and made out from the sound the position of the sentinel. He made up his mind that this guard was alone, hearing no other breathing save his own suppressed respiration. He placed his hand along the wall, guiding himself carefully, and stole out at the gate at the side opposite that at which the sentinel stood, there being some ten feet between him and the savage, whose eyes were fixed upon his friends and the block-house, and away from the escaping settler.

Mark crossed the small bridge over the ditch or moat with his heart, as one might say, in his mouth. The faint noise he made was drowned in the sudden neighing of a horse not far away from him upon the prairie.

The Indians had left their steeds at the distance of half a mile from the fort, but since they had effected an entrance into the stockade, the horses had been brought nearer, and were now picketed in the grove of cotton-

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words under the eyes of three sentinels, and in a few cute cuts from the stockade.

Mark comprehended the change as the meaning of the horse was repeated, and crept over the prairie grass in the direction whence the sound came, animated with new hope and courage.

"There must be a guard here," he thought. I shall run a risk, but I must get a horse. Out at the outer edge of the grove, if possible."

The animals seemed restless, moving and neighing, and Mark heard low, soothing words uttered in the Indian tongue. Slipping his course by these sounds, he avoided the nearest, darkest spots and managed to the outer edge of the grove.

Here he boldly paused, yet moving softly, and approached the horses, whose restless state was indicated by their restless motion.

He could go no one, which grew quiet under his touch, and felt him over cautiously in the darkness. He was saddled and bridled. Mark felt his legs; they were clean, hard and shapely. He drew his hand over the horse's face and mouth. The animal began to rear and plunge, making it impossible with haste to mount then. It was a strange hand upon him, but the touch was kind, and the beast was sound and strong, did not wait to pursue his investigations.

He drew his hunting knife and cut the latigo confining the steed, and led him out into the edge of the prairie. The noise made by so animal, his heavy footfalls, his quickened breathing, his stirrups and sharps, once or twice repeated, terrified Mark with the fear of discovery.

He halted the creature just in the outer circle of the encampment, and, filled with a terribly excitable feeling he pulled open the rein and pushed forward at a walk. He had not gone ten paces outside the grove, when a heavy savage started up in his path, grunting his wits, and uttered a yell that was loud and fair and wide in shrill alarm.

As if in echo, or answer, an Indiana within the fort set up a renewal of their warwhoops and the shrieks. The whole camp was alive at the stroke upon the block-house had record succeeded.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A NIGHT EDITOR'S STORY.

My story is a short story, and one of the plainest article I could write. Therefore, I am neither my pre-conceived ideas of ghosts and the supernatural explained. I have to relate in this occasion. It is an experience so strange, so terrible, so thought-full that I cannot help that for a long time after its occurrence I was unable to realize it. Even now, in the great aftermath of calmness, I can not form and give a calm account of the events to which I refer.

I was night editor on the Hawkpuk *Morning Sentinel*. We constitute the local department was Ward Satyn, a young fellow of keen perceptions, ready wit and cool judgment, with a bad clear eye, a concentrative brow, a rather sensitive mouth, and a chin that was square and backs, was open, self-reliant look that was a faithful index of his character. Nothing seemed his observation, but he was always faithfully industrious, and picked up all the news, delving out items from the most apparently barren ground. He was the best Local we had ever had, and our paper showed it in its news, soon after his advent, outstripped those of all our contemporaries in variety and spice.

Ward had one fault, however. The social glass sometimes overcame his better self, and I was too often evident that he had been imbibing more freely than a sound judgment would dictate. To be sure, he was seldom notified for business—not more than once in three or four months, perhaps—but he was pursuing a path which, if persisted in, must, I considered, end in ruin, and certainly in unfit in his own downfall. I talked to him kindly, and he promised me, and, what is to his honor be it said, he kept his promise to the unbroken. He was always the same free and easy, high-hearted, convivial fellow, and hard working, valuable assistant.

He would frequently choose a theme of popular interest and write thereon a series of descriptive articles in his own peculiar style, that calculated to catch the public attention. Then he would take a turn at the police office or the station. The amount of work he accomplished, and the ease with which he performed it, frequently filled me with astonishment.

Well do I remember when he chose for his theme "Drugs and Sots." He would visit the vilest haunts of the lowest classes, and described their habits in a wonderfully vivid manner. Their vices, their misfortunes, the bright gleam in their eyes, the sunken and scrunge of adventure and intellect—startling, appalling, and yet with a touch of pathos and sympathy and grace for the unfortunate.

Of course in this pursuit he visited the resorts of thieves, villains and murderers, and he plunged into scenes against his safe exit from which there were many doubts.

We will see what can be fished up from the slime," he would say to me, laughing and, and start off on one of his midnight excursions. Sometimes he would return with but a few items of interest, but most were distinguished friends, the true purpose of which research we all well understood.

Ward and I, when at work, occupied a room by ourselves, while the managing editor, and Bailey, his assistant, had another apartment next across the hall.

One night about half-past eleven Ward said to me:

"Well, Puck, I guess I'll go out and see what I can see. I've been in a couple of columns, and Dobbin will look at the head to see report if anything turns up. I'll be back by half-past one or two."

Dobbin was a middle-aged, seedy individual, of some ability, but no principle to restrain, who lorded around the office most of the time, and was supposed to assist Bailey in the reporting, occasionally, but happened to be employed. He frequently lent his aid to Ward in reporting police matters, hanging rows and the like.

"Hold on, Ward," I said, looking him in the face; "hadn't you better wait until to-morrow night?"

"Why? [illegible] know; you think I'm not steady enough, balance of the night, eh, Puck? I'm in just the mood for it to-night. Don't be afraid, old fellow; I'll be all right."

"I'll keep a proper look-out for you."

"You very much place in the city! That consideration of vile and desperate lawlessness!"

"Yes but in earnest, Ward. You've not going there to-night, are you?"

"That's just where I am going. You know their great rough, Barney Rock, is awaiting trial for that night's shooting affray, and I want to hear their consensus. Now! won't be gone long."

"I heard they were going to have a talk about it."

"You Muggins' Forks is to hold an indignation meeting. Ha! ha!"

"Well, Ward, I wouldn't go, that's all."

"Well, Puck, I don't want you to go. But I will go."

"You may take this if you want it," and I unlocked a drawer, and drew out a six-shooter.

"No!" he exclaimed, laughing in scorn. "You had better take it."

But he persisted in declining.

"Very well; have your own way. But be cool, and keep a sharp look-out. And promise me you will not go into any of the dens of infamy more to-night, at least until you get back."

He had been slowly moving toward the door, and now rushed out suddenly, exclaiming, with a laugh:

"All right. I guess not."

After he was gone I leaned uneasily in my chair for some moments, and at last with an impatient shrug began the work before me.

Presently Bailey came in on an errand.

"Where's Satyn?" he asked.

"Don't ask," I replied.

"Oh?" he exclaimed, with a scowl. "Be gone long?"

"I'll half-past one," he said.

"Well, I hope he'll get back." And with the last word the door swung shut, as Bailey went out.

I refused to Ameo to his work. We all liked Ward, and felt an interest in him. He was so young, so bright, and capable of so much good.

My head was not clear that night. I could not think straight, nor bring my energies to bear on the tasks before me. So I took my manuscript, and, rising from the table, seated it out carefully, went to a private drawer, and filled the pipe of peace. I had not smoked it, hence that I kept on hand for rare occasions of this kind, and, after I had lighted that and resumed the table, and when I did, a pipeful left of this tobacco would invariably set things going swimmingly. I suspect it contained a liberal admixture of those fascinating, treacherous drugs for which the East is famous, for its effect was always indescribably exhilarating. I gave me new energy, now life, and a quick, far-sighted penetration that could grasp the whole of a situation, and the scope of my learning, my observation, my thought, was under the liberal influence than usual that time. I do not know that I did; but I never felt so keen or so fascinated by my work as I did that night. Articles I worked on steadily and smilingly, conscious of no effort, and completed them with a few touches before me.

I do not know how long I had thus sat, when a very strange, indefinable impression began to creep over me, the strangest experience of my life—an experience so unexplained I hope and expect never to pass through again.

My tasks were completed, with the exception of one or two items, and I leaned back in my chair and yawned. Happening to look around, I was startled to find that I was alone, for I was in the habit of talking to myself, and Ward Satyn entered. He was about two feet from me.

"What's the matter, Ward?" I cried, for there was a bright red wound on his forehead, and every vestige of color seemed to have faded from his face.

He paid no attention to my inquiry, but proceeded directly to his desk and sat down. He walked with the usual quick step, but so mechanically as seeming himself took pencil and paper, and began to write.

"Ward!" I spoke loudly and sharply.

He made no response, and I at once concluded that he was so absorbed as not to hear me. I arose and went to his side, but I felt curious to know how he had received that wound, and how he happened to be there. I concluded from his cool behavior could be nothing serious.

I took a newspaper from a local department was Ward Satyn, a young fellow of keen perceptions, ready wit and cool judgment, with a bad clear eye, a concentrative brow, a rather sensitive mouth, and a chin that was square and backs, was open, self-reliant look that was a faithful index of his character. Nothing seemed his observation, but he was always faithfully industrious, and picked up all the news, delving out items from the most apparently barren ground. He was the best Local we had ever had, and our paper showed it in its news, soon after his advent, outstripped those of all our contemporaries in variety and spice.

Ward had one fault, however. The social glass sometimes overcame his better self, and I was too often evident that he had been imbibing more freely than a sound judgment would dictate. To be sure, he was seldom notified for business—not more than once in three or four months, perhaps—but he was pursuing a path which, if persisted in, must, I considered, end in ruin, and certainly in unfit in his own downfall. I talked to him kindly, and he promised me, and, what is to his honor be it said, he kept his promise to the unbroken. He was always the same free and easy, high-hearted, convivial fellow, and hard working, valuable assistant.

He would frequently choose a theme of popular interest and write thereon a series of descriptive articles in his own peculiar style, that calculated to catch the public attention. Then he would take a turn at the police office or the station. The amount of work he accomplished, and the ease with which he performed it, frequently filled me with astonishment.

Well do I remember when he chose for his theme "Drugs and Sots." He would visit the vilest haunts of the lowest classes, and described their habits in a wonderfully vivid manner. Their vices, their misfortunes, the bright gleam in their eyes, the sunken and scrunge of adventure and intellect—startling, appalling, and yet with a touch of pathos and sympathy and grace for the unfortunate.

Of course in this pursuit he visited the resorts of thieves, villains and murderers, and he plunged into scenes against his safe exit from which there were many doubts.

"We will see what can be fished up from the slime," he would say to me, laughing, and start off on one of his midnight excursions. Sometimes he would return with but a few items of interest, but most were distinguished friends, the true purpose of which research we all well understood.

Ward and I, when at work, occupied a room by ourselves, while the managing editor, and Bailey, his assistant, had another apartment next across the hall.

One night about half-past eleven Ward said to me:

"Well, Puck, I guess I'll go out and see what I can see. I've been in a couple of columns, and Dobbin will look at the head to see report if anything turns up. I'll be back by half-past one or two."

Dobbin was a middle-aged, seedy individual, of some ability, but no principle to restrain, who lorded around the office most of the time, and was supposed to assist Bailey in the reporting, occasionally, but happened to be employed. He frequently lent his aid to Ward in reporting police matters, hanging rows and the like.

"Hold on, Ward," I said, looking him in the face; "hadn't you better wait until to-morrow night?"

"Why? [illegible] know; you think I'm not steady enough, balance of the night, eh, Puck? I'm in just the mood for it to-night. Don't be afraid, old fellow; I'll be all right."

"I'll keep a proper look-out for you."

"You very much place in the city! That consideration of vile and desperate lawlessness!"

"Yes but in earnest, Ward. You're not going there to-night, are you?"

"That's just where I am going. You know their great rough, Barney Rock, is awaiting trial for that night's shooting affray, and I want to hear their consensus. Now! won't be gone long."

"I heard they were going to have a talk about it."

"You Muggins' Forks is to hold an indignation meeting. Ha! ha!"

"Well, Ward, I wouldn't go, that's all."

"Well, Puck, I don't want you to go. But I will go."

"You may take this if you want it," and I unlocked a drawer, and drew out a six-shooter.

"No!" he exclaimed, laughing in scorn. "You had better take it."

But he persisted in declining.

"Very well; have your own way. But be cool, and keep a sharp look-out. And promise me you will not go into any of the dens of infamy more to-night, at least until you get back."

He had been slowly moving toward the door, and now rushed out suddenly, exclaiming, with a laugh:

"All right. I guess not."

After he was gone I leaned uneasily in my chair for some moments, and at last with an impatient shrug began the work before me.

Presently Bailey came in on an errand.

"Where's Satyn?" he asked.

"Don't ask," I replied.

"Oh?" he exclaimed, with a scowl. "Be gone long?"

"I'll half-past one," he said.

"Well, I hope he'll get back." And with the last word the door swung shut, as Bailey went out.

I refused to Ameo to his work. We all liked Ward, and felt an interest in him. He was so young, so bright, and capable of so much good.

My head was not clear that night. I could not think straight, nor bring my energies to bear on the tasks before me. So I took my manuscript, and, rising from the table, seated it out carefully, went to a private drawer, and filled the pipe of peace. I had not smoked it, hence that I kept on hand for rare occasions of this kind, and, after I had lighted that and resumed the table, and when I did, a pipeful left of this tobacco would invariably set things going swimmingly. I suspect it contained a liberal admixture of those fascinating, treacherous drugs for which the East is famous, for its effect was always indescribably exhilarating. I gave me new energy, now life, and a quick, far-sighted penetration that could grasp the whole of a situation, and the scope of my learning, my observation, my thought, was under the liberal influence than usual that time. I do not know that I did; but I never felt so keen or so fascinated by my work as I did that night. Articles I worked on steadily and smilingly, conscious of no effort, and completed them with a few touches before me.

I do not know how long I had thus sat, when a very strange, indefinable impression began to creep over me, the strangest experience of my life—an experience so unexplained I hope and expect never to pass through again.

My tasks were completed, with the exception of one or two items, and I leaned back in my chair and yawned. Happening to look around, I was startled to find that I was alone, for I was in the habit of talking to myself, and Ward Satyn entered. He was about two feet from me.

"What's the matter, Ward?" I cried, for there was a bright red wound on his forehead, and every vestige of color seemed to have faded from his face.

He paid no attention to my inquiry, but proceeded directly to his desk and sat down. He walked with the usual quick step, but so mechanically as seeming himself took pencil and paper, and began to write.

"Ward!" I spoke loudly and sharply.

He made no response, and I at once concluded that he was so absorbed as not to hear me. I arose and went to his side, but I felt curious to know how he had received that wound, and how he happened to be there. I concluded from his cool behavior could be nothing serious.

I took a newspaper from a local department bunch, and threw it at his head, thinking to startle him.

Horror! It seemed to go through *him*, and he went on writing, apparently unconscious. I gazed at him spellbound.

He laid down the pencil and arose.

"See here, old boy!" I exclaimed, springing to my feet, and confronting him.

but without paying the least attention to me, he walked quickly to the door, opened it, and went out. I followed him hastily. Going into the outer hall, I expected to overtake him, but he was not in sight. I ran down the stairs.

"Did you see Mr. Satyn just now?" I asked, of the night watch.

"I did not see him."

"Why! There isn't been nobody here."

"Why, Mr. Satyn went out."

"Mr. Satyn! I was talkin' for Jim."

Almost paralyzed by this, I returned to my room.

"Good-night, Ward, I didn't see him."

I sat down, and began to think over matters, and was at last about to go home to my table, when I suddenly heard Ward's voice, as he walked entered, and, without looking at me, began to write.

I watched him for a while, and to my intense astonishment and horror, read the following:

"Heaven, oh, God! What have I done of this night, came to me to-night at the hands of someone whom I had trusted? I had been down to the Muggins' Forks Indignation meeting, and was walking home, and, while passing an alley, was struck down from behind with some weapon. One of the trio accomplished their murderous design, and I heard him say, 'Is he dead?' But who could have done it? Who could have committed such a deliberate, cowardly act? Who could have any reason for committing such a deliberate, cowardly act? Who could have any reason for committing such a deliberate, cowardly act? Who could have any reason for committing

"I CAN'T!"

BY WALTER KEMPER.

A homely expression, and old as the hills,
In this clamorous phrase, "I can't!"
But if you'd surmount life's troublesome ills,
Applaud it your energies plant!
It belongs to the puppet—its right that it shakesIt;
Its place is the dust with the worm;
Never saying, "I will," or "I can't," or "I dare,"
Never having the spirit to dare.

With truth in your heart, and a will of steel,
Making sure that you're right in your aim,
There is little on earth that you can't overcome,
Even reaching the summit of Fame.
Then away with the slipper, that shoe in the thought
That you're afraid to be true to yourself;
And the lesson you learn should be nearly
taught
With good, to be purchased with pelf!

A DARING GAME;
OR,
Neva's Three Lovers.

By MRS. HARRIET LEVIN,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE BARONET'S SECRET," "THE OLD HOMESTEAD," "THE OLD FARM HOUSE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

LALLY'S NEW SCHEME.

After their triumphant departure from Rocky Landing, and from the presence of the utterly discomfited Mr. and Mrs. Blight, Mrs. Wrout, followed by Lally, and attended by the gratified Peters, proceeded without hesitation to the elegant mansion of Mrs. Bird-Smith. The up carriage was in motion as directed, and Mrs. Peters found opportunity to send a telegraphic message to Mrs. Wrout's handsome keeper in town, announcing the immediate return of the latter with Peters, which the reader will guess, and ordering that suitable preparations be made for their reception.

This done and everything looked after, when the train came sufficiently to a halt, the station, the party made their assault in a body on the coach, receiving a compliment to themselves.

On alighting at the London station Peters announced a call.

"Now for the last journey, Peters," sighed Mrs. Wrout, leaning back her head, as the cab rolled off, and closing her eyes.

"My traveling days end now, I suppose, and the two always were such," said Peters cheerfully. "But you're so apt to repeat your easy moan. You've found what you've been searching for so long," and she glanced at Lally. "You should stay at home now and rest, ma'am."

"Do you mean?" sighed the old lady—"very soon?"

Peters and Lally looked at each other with a sudden keenness of vision. Her hooded eyes and pallid chin seemed changed more than usual. Her black eyes were more piercing and lustrous than was their custom, and her features were pinched; and over all her face was a strange expression of weariness that told of the experiences of years. Peters saw the diseased heart was not properly performing its natural function.

Peters turned and looked from the window with tears in her eyes. Her heart ached for those words. "The end is near."

In due time the cab came to a halt in Mount street. Irreverent Sarah, before the stately mansion, and the footman and keeper of the door had been the home of Mrs. Wrout for more than half a century. It was a double house, with pavilion or either side of a wide hall, and was built of brick with stone copings and lintels, and possessed a pretentious flight of steps guarded by stone lions, and a great orbit of a carriage road from the street entrance.

The footman and the house keeper stood as the cab drew up, and a footman in livery came down the steps and assisted their aged mistress to alight and enter the house. Lally and Peters came after, and Mrs. Wrout was taken to her own room, one of the rear pavilion on the first floor, which she had occupied since twenty years before as her bed-chamber.

Peters and Lally were also shown to rooms next in the room of Mrs. Wrout, as one of these was burning in the grate, and its genial heat in that great house was not necessary. The crimson carpet covered the floor; crimson damask curtains half draped the tall and deep dows that looked out upon a small square garden, and crimson damask chairs and sofa and ottoman were scattered about the room in profusion.

Mrs. Wrout threw herself upon one of the couches, and Peters bent over her, removing her hood and shawl, and loosened and let her dress shawl. The footman and the boy were brought in for luggage. Lally followed, not knowing what to do, when the house keeper, a tall, thin woman, with a severe face, but kind eyes, beckoned her into the room the woman to come nearer to her.

"Mrs. Bird-Smith," she said, in a clear, kind voice, and looking affectionately at the slender, beautiful figure of Lally, "I have brought home with me my great-niece, Miss Bird-Smith. It is also my wish that you, madam, and Peters, receive you to consider her as your future mistress."

Mrs. Wrout bowed low to the young lady, and Mrs. Wrout continued:

"Let the best room in the house be prepared for her use, Mrs. Dougal—the amber room. Do it early! Show Miss Bird in her room, and see that her trunk is sent up to her. Miss Bird, you must excuse me for a time. I have gone, Mrs. Dougal. We are nearly famished."

The house keeper again bowed, and conducted Lally into the hall and up the broad stairs to the first landing, one of the wide apartments of the house. Here, soon after, she left the room in the possession of her relief, being again in her good mistress.

"Is it not a fine house for me?" gurgled Lally. "I must be happy here, Mrs. Dougal, if I slept in a bare with cramps and chilves, glad of every shelter, now that I am turned in a palace. I am afraid I shall wake up presently and find myself in bed. Ah, I never even dreamed of such magnificence!"

She danced and whirled with the joy of the childish ecstasy of a child. There was a fire in the grate, and the room was in a blaze of grate, and the coal dancers on the hearth, and the rich lilac velvet carpet with its bordering of amber and crimson was a bliss ground, and one long red strike of dancing light fell upon the amber satin drapery of the low couch and bedstead. The snowy pillows were covered with the richest lace, and the silken quilt was of amber satin, with a border of white satin, embroidered with a great medallion in blue silk. The curtains of amber satin were looped with fringe, over white lace drapery, and the couches and chairs were upholstered in amber relieved with blue.

Lally observed two doors at one side of the room, and crossing the floor softly, she opened one, and discovered a large and elegant dressing room, with a marble basin, fitted bath-room, with marble basin and marble floor, half covered by a Turkish rug. The other door opened into a beautiful little dressing-room, furnished in the most elegant style. A massive armoire of carved ebony, with doors formed of plate-glass, occupied the entire space on one side of the wall, and a long swing mirror, framed in ebony, with a marble shelf, and a handsome dressing case completed the suite. Lally, in three of the gleeful delight, was bursting into a song.

"It is like fairy-land!" thought the girl. "All the for me—for me! I can hardly believe it."

There were ivory-handled brushes on the low dressing bureau and Lally handled them rapturously, and stood and gazed at her reflection in the mirror, and out of plain in those beautiful rooms, but she had no better dress, and with a sentimental sigh she patted her face and hands in the bath-room, and brushed her hair and dress in the dressing-room. She tied anew the bow in her hair and her black sash, and her toilet was complete. She gave a last look to her new quarters, and hastened down stairs to the chamber of her benefactress.

She found Mrs. Wrout comfortably ensconced in an easy-chair by her fire. The parlors cage swung by a steel silver chain from the ceiling; the sofa was drawn up by during upon a cushion at one corner of the fender; and a general atmosphere of fashion warmth and coziness prevailed.

"Come in, my dear, and kiss me," said Mrs. Wrout, not looking around, but recognizing Lally's step.

The girl obeyed, and sat down upon a stool at the old lady's feet. Mrs. Wrout smiled upon her and talked to her, and when Peters came in, announcing that luncheon waited, Lally and her great-niece were in the midst of a confidential talk, and their friendship had already deepened into a mutual affection.

Luncheon was served in the dining-room, and Mrs. Wrout, Peters, Mrs. Wrout's nephew, the widower of the dining-room opened into a small conservatory, and Lally, Peters, Mrs. Wrout, and the room itself, lofty and handsomely proportioned, and the realization of one of her long-ago girlish dreams. Mrs. Wrout sat at one end of the oval table, Peters at the other, and Lally took a place at one side. The footman waited at table, but was soon dismissed, and the luncheon was served by the house keeper, one of the daintiest plentifully displayed upon the board.

After the luncheon, Peters assisted her aged mistress back to her own room, Lally assisting, and soon the three were in the sitting room.

"Ring the bell, Peters," said Mrs. Wrout, as she again composed herself in her favorite chair. "But stay! Bring me my limb desk. Miss Bird, excuse me."

Peters brought a portable mahogany writing-desk, and placed it upon the table before her mistress. Mrs. Wrout, with trembling hand, penned a brief note to her lawyer, requesting him to call upon her business upon a matter of the utmost moment.

Read it, Peters," she said, when she had appended her name and the date. "It must be delivered to-night. I will dictate it, but I am too tired to write. Let the footman take the letter to Mr. Harris's office at once. Miss Bird—"

Peters read and sealed the missive, removed the desk, and rang the bell for a servant.

Some few hours later, Mr. Harris, Mrs. Wrout's lawyer, arrived and was shown into the old lady's presence. He was an old man, white-haired, white-whiskered, benevolent of face, and kindly of manner, devoted to the interests of his client, whose confidence he had long possessed.

Mrs. Wrout welcomed him with outstretched hand and smiling face.

"My friend, I have a surprise for you. You have been my lawyer, my adviser, my business, Lally Bird, and failed to find her, even when you were sent to search for her, and I am sure you have been glad when I have been clever than you both. I have found her, Harris, and here she is," and she indicated Mr. Harris, this is Lally Bird, the daughter of my dear friend."

Lally bowed. Mr. Harris stared at the girl in surprise.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Wrout, "he acclaimed, "for your great interest in my affairs, and for your faithful services, I have left you some wealth ago, but I feared to communicate them in your present unsettled state. I do not, however, permit you to be imagined upon your inheritance, Lally Bird. The fraud committed upon me last July, she sprung from me, and I have found her. Now, Harris, sit down, and, without delay, I have a newspaper to my pocket."

Mr. Harris sat down, and Lally stood by Mrs. Wrout vivaciously. "Look at the girl, Sam she let my head upon. I am very glad to see her when I had hair like hers, and that dear old face—ah, me! I am very happy, Harris, very happy. Do you suppose I found her? Why, down at Rocky Landing, where I was governing in the absence of Peters, who was set down, and I'll tell you the whole story. Miss Bird, you may sit down and tell Mr. Harris all about yourself."

Lally sat down upon a great-aunt. She was a little frightened and nervous, searching face of the lawyer, but her clear, bright eyes met his unflinchingly and his stern face and innocent face how deeply he had trusted Lally's deception, and a kindly expression of pity asked her a few questions in a quiet, cautious manner, referring to a letter which he produced, and then his professional spirit was satisfied. He was convinced that the girl she had been a witness to the deception, and hence in was trying to shake, and upon whose impudent cheek sentence of exile had descended.

He asked her her name, age, and date of her birth, and spelled the same questions in Peters, who sat by the window, and then he handed them to Mrs. Wrout, who debated, how she had maintained her self-possession and presence of mind during the ordeal. Lally regarded how important the question and its answer was to the establishment of her future status.

"I have discovered, Miss Bird—assuming that you are Miss Bird—that you left your home in Rocky Landing on the 4th day of July, that the accident of which you were engaged cloned, and you were thrown into the river, and that you were picked up and taken to the house of Mr. Bird-Smith, and the members of the family there, and that May and the daughter of the house, and her brother. And how, I may as well ask here, did your self-possession desert you when you were first set at the precise moment when that poor girl was drowned, and you were left alone with Mr. Lally Bird, who picked you up?"

Lally blushed and paled, and looked appealingly to Mrs. Wrout, who, in her turn, regarded the girl's black hair softly, and said:

"Mr. Harris, we have encountered a point of which I, as well as my niece, would have knowledge. Miss Bird, you will be kind enough to explain to Mr. Harris, as you have done with you, Lally, tell Mr. Harris your story."

Their glances fell, and Lally, with a modest moment, told her story with a quiet truthfulness that carried conviction to the mind of the lawyer, after which, as a matter of form, Mrs. Wrout, Lally, Peters and Mr. Harris signed their names.

"Now, my child Lally briskly, "I want you to go to your room, Miss Bird, and I will make my will. Have you the necessary form of a will, Harris? I am not sure that I can, but can be made, for the Blights may choose to question its validity, on the ground of my infirm, or something of the sort. Peters, bring me my writing desk."

The small mahogany desk Harris drew from his pocket a large sheet of foolscap, and began to write rapidly, and Lally and Peters withdrew to the back parlor.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

MRS. WROUT'S WILL.

Mrs. Wrout, on finding herself comfortably alone with Harris, and the door closed upon the retiring witness, compelled herself in one swift flash that was like the flash of a sword, to the subject of which she must not have said—that, in short, she was virtually her executor.

But after her first wild start of amazement, Harris had sat down, and was writing rapidly. The usual elegant, set forms of law—the usual phrases, all signs of terror or surprise, and he had not looked up, and Mrs. Wrout had hoped that she did not otherwise betray her fears.

At last he looked up.

"Ah," she said, "it is my will, which I requested you, months ago, to draw up, without date, and which ready for signature. You should be ready to sign it. It begins by declaring me to be of sound mind, and I am of sound mind, Harris. I am conquered, and the legacy to Peters I have made large, and the remainder of my property I have left to my late, double."

She read the document carefully and slowly, weighing every word and sentence. When she had finished, she said, with a sigh:

"It will be right, Harris."

"Yes, madam," said the lawyer. Mr. Harris. I give you my congratulations. The estate, bank-stock, consols and personal property are very large, and Miss Bird is a happy girl, and strong, as that no one but Lally can get my money. I want the property settled upon her. She may marry some day, if her heart inclines her to a husband, but I do not choose that her marrying with you at some future time, for the first time, should give her child is bound or not. But no husband must have power to squander Lally's money."

Mr. Harris did as he was directed, making out the will to the perfect satisfaction of Mrs. Wrout. Peters, at the conclusion of the signatures, called up the household, and in the presence of the housekeeper, the house-maid, the cook and the footman, Mrs. Wrout signed the will. The domestics appended their signatures to the instrument, and were then dismissed, and Lally was called in. The document, and soon after the lawyer took his leave.

The next day Mrs. Wrout was so much better that she insisted on going out with her young relative upon a shopping excursion. Peters, Lally and a silver portemonnaie, filled with bank-notes, and early in the day Mrs. Wrout, Lally and Peters went out in the ancient family carriage, visiting the most fashionable shops in the West End. The old lady did not permit Lally to expend the money in her own purchases, but herself selected for her a most elegant outfit, including a magnificent Indian shawl, jewels, rich and costly laces, a set of Rimmel articles, a dressing case with gold fittings, odor cases, a jewel bag, and a host of costly luxuries of which Lally knew neither the uses nor the names.

"Peters will pay for them, Lally dear so young a lady, ma'am!" whispered Peters, in the midst of the list, and why buy those costly furs in the middle of summer?"

"She don't be here when the cold weather comes, Peters," answered Mrs. Wrout, in a low voice. "And though I have Indian shawls which she will inherit, I want her to her one for her own self. She will keep it safe in a drawer, Peters, for me."

Lally, as may be supposed, was grateful for the gifts, but she said, with a sweet, pretty gratitude, but in the midst of her pleasure, she was not blind to the fact that Mrs. Wrout was ill, and that the weight of her responsibilities was an abundance of all standard of excitement, and she was careful to avoid any subject that might lead to discussion, and to keep the old lady's mind as tranquil as possible. She was rewarded by the old lady's increasing affection for her, and by the fact that she had so long existed and her relative together in a most delightful manner, and Lally had grown to entertain a mental love, which would have been forever a secret from the old lady, but for Lally's experience had been thoroughly educated, and her manners refined and beneficiated, would live many years. Mrs. Wrout's physicians had warned her against all calling in daily, but even Mrs. Wrout, who had been in her service for many years, had been in her confidence without just cause.

Mrs. Wrout was a weak sufferer of Lally and her aged relative together in a most delightful manner, and Lally had grown to entertain a mental love, which would have been forever a secret from the old lady, but for Lally's experience had been thoroughly educated, and her manners refined and beneficiated, would live many years. Mrs. Wrout's physicians had warned her against all calling in daily, but even Mrs. Wrout, who had been in her service for many years, had been in her confidence without just cause.

Mrs. Wrout was a weak sufferer of the heart,

KEEP THEM YOUNG.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Oh, keep the little ones young, my dear,
Don't let them grow all too fast;
For childhood's days are the days for play,
And soon are its pleasures past.
Oh, speak to them ever in love, my dear,
And smile at their childish ways;
For we have busy years ourselves, my dear,
And we've had our childish days.

That dear little fellow, so full of prunks,
Will soon be a youth so tall,
And if he is not in a lively way
In goodness and strength he'll grow.
Have patience, my dear, with his tricksome ways,
And don't throw a cloud on his joy;
For you have dark days many years for the buds,
But precious few for the boy!

And that sweet little girl—have a care, my dear,
That you turn not the vine astray.
Her childhood is passing, as well as her lives,
If we train it in wisdom's way.
The children grow out of our clinging arms;
But the blossoms we have sown,
Will ring in their ears when our lips are cold,
And bear fruit when we're gone.

Oh, keep the little ones young, my dear,
Don't let them grow all too fast;
For short is the season of youth, my dear,
And soon are its pleasures past.
Don't hurry them into the cares and strife,
That will come in the years to be;
But let them be children as long as they can,
For the time is not long at the best.

SPECIAL PLEADING.

BY MAY WALLAS.

People never seemed better suited to each other than did Helen Rome and Harry Hawthorne. Both handsome: five years difference between them on the proper side. He with a good income, she with a nice little pin-money, &c. Surely nothing could be better. So they were married, and went upon their honeymoon, and came back, and settled in a nice house, still charmingly satisfied with each other.

In a year or two, there came a little baby—a frail, dainty thing, as much like a wax doll.

How they worshipped it! What plans they made for it! That wonderful boy, who was to do such great things in the world, of all weak creatures abused!

Alas for human hopes! One night there was running to and fro, and tears and anxiety; Baby had the croup. The doctor came, but his coming was useless. Before dawn broke the child died. He lay next day in his little coffin, with white tuberoses in his hands—a little waxen thing that smiled no longer upon them. Their one treasure was taken from them.

After he was buried, it was a very sad house, and no other children came to take his place; if they had, matters would have arranged themselves differently. But the woman who has no children is generally full of fancies that do not trouble happier women. To cheer his wife, Mr. Hawthorne urged her to go out a little for change of scene. Place were suggested, but she would not leave home; and second even her guy; but her excursions were to some lectures, and when Mrs. Absinthe lectured on Woman's Wrongs, she heard the whole course.

They opened new ideas to her, and after some more investigation of the matter, and a visit to a female suffrage club, Mrs. Hawthorne made up her mind that man was a tyrant, and that woman was a slave, against which she began to be stern to make a martyr of, and to declare household duties degrading.

Had Mr. Hawthorne been wise, he would have laughed, and told her to get interested; he agreed. Two men may argue pleasantly: but two women never do. Two of the same sex especially men and wife, never, instead of coming home to be coaxed—and heaven knows a man in business needs a place of comfort—found himself attacked with weak logic over his tea-cup, and beset with unprompted lectures at breakfast time. Handsome ideas were put before him, but he was not allowed to enjoy them quietly. Blind and boyish books, pathetic notions promoted her, but instead of seeing while he read, or talked with her, she wrote, and begged him "not to make a noise."

Of all terrible bores a literary woman may become the most so. Sensible, sirrible, sensible, when one hopes for a chat. Awful silence desired, because of an unfinished idea, just as the husband has begun to tell her of a man who is professional, and who is ruined, and longs for it, ought to be ashamed of himself or herself if he or she cannot find a nook where pens and ink need be in no one's way, and where manuscripts are safe from accident. Are self-read productions aloud before they go to the printer's necessary? Are they ever necessary? And Mrs. Hawthorne, who was more in the weakest sense, was always doing the authoress visibly and audibly.

Poor Mr. Hawthorne came home after selling woolen goods at Sandemyk, with a great desire for a nice, cozy time. He was not at all a literary man: he "guessed" and "reckoned" and wondered what people liked to read such stuff for. He had read one book, and once upon a time, that it was "very nice." And though he was "as smart as a sand-trap" when it came to making a bargain, and a good-humored fellow, who knew what went on about him and listened to it, he had suffered a good deal since his Helen had been taken ill-treated, and neglected, and misunderstood. He was not Bobbins, who was a friend of his, and a very old and experienced man, having had four wives—one dead, one divorced, the third still living.

Dear fool! he bet the bit in her teeth, or she'll run away with you," said the Colonel.

Mr. Hawthorne was not a fool, and therefore had good reasons for his ideas. He knew in writing, if it's a bit of verse to a canary or somebody's baby, or that sort of thing, he'd be the comer to ensays on woman's wrongs, you know, any is—or rights.

So poor Mr. Hawthorne essayed to stop it. Never had than done.

You also are a tyrant, and one of the worst," she said, when he had done it, "for much happier is a single woman! Why did I marry?"

That evening Mr. Hawthorne did not go home to dinner. He took his dinner at a restaurant, and called afterward on an old acquaintance of his, a Mrs. Tomlinson. She was a widow, and had been left in poor circumstances, and was glad to any literary business honestly she could to help out her slender means. She was lonely; she received a former, who came into the bosoms of those friends—strange gentlemen—said as he talked to the open, and took ice cream with them, poor self! and allowed herself to be comforted by some kisses and hand-squeezing. Mrs. Tomlinson was a comfortable soul, Mrs. Tomlinson and his money was a great personage in past days. And now that she had his money she felt his purity well to herself. He had grown used to it, and when he came home from the city, never dreamed that Laura was in or not. She was sure to want him sometimes, and when she took him up. Wicked, unconscious old fellow!

Laura was delighted to see Mr. Hawthorne, and they went to the parlor, and seemed very much. She told Mr. Hawthorne that "he did not know how nice it was to be lonely." And he, thinking of Helen with her back to him and her paper before her, said "he rather rested he did."

Then the visiting Helen had rather more leisure to write, and to attend lectures in company with a lady friend of sympathetic mould—Green and an old gentleman who was "a friend of the same," and appeared to have a sort of Platonic affinity for the ladies generally.

That was the beginning. At last came the end. Helen ceased to lecture; her husband declared she should not.

She heard of Laura, and as no woman is ever deep enough in say "sin" to escape a jealousy, grew jealous accordingly.

There was a night of storm, a day of brooding. Then she said to him:

"You are cruel and unfaithful to me. I hate you!"

He said to her:

"You are wrapped up in ridiculous ideas. You are about to make yourself an old scandal."

"A what?" asked Helen.

"An old story," said Mr. Hawthorne. "You forget your duties as a wife. As for me, I've true enough to you; but I admit that Laura is a more agreeable woman than you have been lately."

Practical affairing decide themselves, "said Helen, and left the room.

Her self-decided "practical" was to depart. "I'm sick of big words with no meaning to them, and of the want of your confounded causes."

"And I am sick of tyranny and old superstitions," said Helen. "We should never have been married."

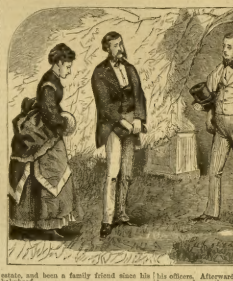
"Never," said the husband; "and, by the way, you can't get a divorce. I'll see to that myself. You couldn't get a divorce, and would I, probably, but we can separate."

"With all my heart," said Helen. "I'm sure I never went to marry again. I've had enough of it."

"Nor I," said he. "One woman would be enough for any man, I should say. Well, it is agreed?"

"Agreed," said Helen.

So that day Mr. Hawthorne went to his old lawyer, the one who had settled his father's



estate, and been a family friend since his baby-hood.

"Perfectly virtuous," said poor Hawthorne, and sorry to forget that I ever loved her, or that she ever loved me." And he told his story.

"Well, now, was not happy, and I have enjoyed myself in a pretty serious way. I spent some money on her, no worse," said Hawthorne.

"Good" said the lawyer: "I have the case. We'll get you a divorce on both your evidence, and you must go with me—no matter how much you hate it—to the court, and be agreeable. You will give me the deeds to-morrow."

"I will be done at home," said Hawthorne, "to avoid publicity."

"Quite right," said the lawyer; "not at home; but there shall be no publicity whatever. Be here to-morrow at ten, and I'll see to the rest."

Mr. Hawthorne went home that evening, nor did his wife write causes or go to a lecture. They discussed matrimony and memory.

If she had but been what I thought her!" said Hawthorne to himself.

If he had but been what I believed him!" said Helen.

But they spoke no word to each other; and when they met next morning at the breakfast table sitting at opposite ends of it, and looking at the door. He shook hands with both.

"I have a carriage waiting," said he. "Will you come?"

He offered his arm to Helen; her husband walked by her side. Neither spoke a word. Two were all that passed between them. The blinds down, and they had no idea of the direction in which they were driving, or how long it lasted for three hours. At last the coach stopped; the door was opened, and passed by.

The good old lawyer descended and handed out his client, and then Mrs. Hawthorne, who seemed cold. He coach drove away.

"Where are we?" she said, feeling without even any idea of the direction of the place, and white towns arose on every hand; and a little girl, and a little gown, and on the white slab was written:

"Here Wilful and One Year."

"Yes," said the old man, "I have brought you here to bury your dead, and to bury Harry Hawthorne; and if ever you ask me to get a divorce for you, I'll refuse you. Good-by, I'm off to the city."

He sauntered. The man turned away his head. Helen stood looking at the little grave, and on the beside the grave.

"Oh, Wilie, that it should come to this with your father!" she said.

"Helen," he said; and he could say no more.

He looked up.

"But you said you liked her better than me," she said, in a low, broken voice.

"Then you love me a little still, Helen?"

He knelt down beside her. She turned, and they were in each other's arms.

"Oh, my husband, my husband!" was all she might, and just thinking of her words. Let us pause.

And then the lawyer beckoned back the couple, who went back together and put the deeds of separation on the kitchen fire, and burned them, and the old lawyer drove back to the city, and left the pleasure of telling his daughter that Mrs. Hawthorne had taken the case. And often afterward, more gentle with his daughter, more confiding to his wife—those two, once so nearly parted, were happy.

A Child's Reasoning.

A little six-year-old was on a visit to her grandmother's, in the city. She had been celebrated, but as the Fourth drew near, she began to think of the Fourth of July. "Why," she said, "do they say the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?" "Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself?" "How can I, grandma?" "Get your Bible, and see what it says." "Where shall I begin?" "Begin at the beginning." So she did, and read through the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis, and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes as bright with excitement as diamonds. "I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows!"

"BROTHER JONATHAN."

How many of our readers know whence originated the name "Brother Jonathan"? Washington" as humorously applied to the United States? It dates in the dark on the first quarter of the eighteenth century.

The General Washington, after having been appointed to the command of the army of the United States, in 1775, was dispatched to Massachusetts to make preparations for the active work at hand, he encountered very many difficulties in the way, and the war necessary to his undertaking. The British were in full force in Boston, and should they attack with resolution while the Colonies were thus occupied for means the result must be calamitous. At this emergency a consultation was held by the chief officers of the army, and Gen. Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was at that time Governor of Connecticut, and not only was his opinion tried and true, but his judgment and forethought were eminently valuable. Washington knew him personally and well, and resolved to call him to counsel.

"We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject," said Washington, applying the familiar appellation in the spirit of old and tested friendship.

Jonathan Trumbull was consulted, and through his means many of the wants of the army were supplied. "We must, as Brother Jonathan would do it," said Washington, in the course of subsequent conversation with his officers. Afterward, when our army had been spread over the country, and when difficulties arose, it was often said, "We must consult Brother Jonathan;" and so the name became a household word, and the phrase "Brother Jonathan" was applied to the whole country. Even Fowler properly belongs to New England, and Brother Jonathan comprehends the whole country.

C.

SCIENCE.

Each of the more prominent museums of Europe has its own peculiar specialty. The Museum of Natural History in Paris stands first in perfection. Thus the Frenchmen museum is largely devoted to the study of comparative anatomy, and the Vienna Museum to ethnology, while museums are the fresh-water fishes of Europe; at Berlin is the museum of comparative anatomy; at Leyden the birds; and the Stuttgart and Darmstadt museums of petrifactions; at Munich the museum of geology; at Geneva fossils. Except at great centennial centres of learning, the advantages which the United States possesses in the study of the different of specialties, and particularly of such as are connected with the geological survey, are unsurpassed.

The President of the Geological Society, in his address to the Wollaston Gold Medal is transferred not to Prof. Dana, the distinguished American geologist, but to Prof. Sedgwick, who has made an immense investigation in the study of rocks, and with advantages of which few of us can boast. Prof. Sedgwick has been engaged in a geological examination in which he laid his researches to the Cambrian rocks, and in which he has been assisted by a large staff of men, and has expended the bonds of friendship and brotherhood are sometimes severed. Private matters of interest, by the one common, the one universal and the one great interest which is the search for knowledge and truth.

The latest intelligence from Cuzzi, Hall's Arctic expedition, is dated August 15th. The steamer has recently published in the washington Government Hospital for the Insane, Dr. Nichols, Superintendent, in his report says: "Experience at Morton, the conception of Kane who saw the open sea from the north, and pressed on to the pole, and Dr. Hall's expedition, has been a most successful one. Hall's expedition, has been a most successful one. Hall's expedition, has been a most successful one